

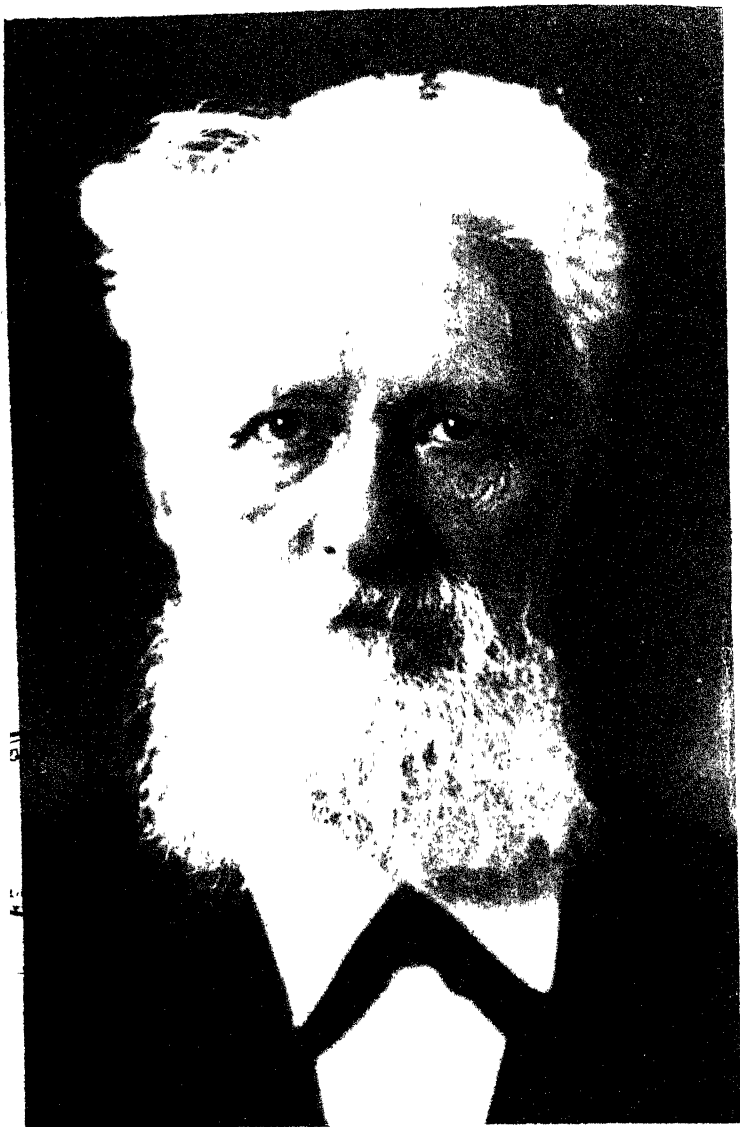




RUDOLF EUCKEN  
HIS LIFE WORK  
AND TRAVELS







Phot. Rud. Döhrkoop, Berlin

*Rudolf Eucken*

RUDOLF EUCKEN  
HIS LIFE WORK AND  
TRAVELS · *By* HIMSELF  
*Translated by* JOSEPH McCABE

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## PREFACE

VOLUMES of reminiscences have become common in our time. The frightful political and spiritual upheaval that we witness impels us to reflection and self-examination. I ask myself, therefore, whether the memories which I record in this book have something of interest to the general public, or whether it would be better to confine them to the smaller circle of my personal acquaintances. If I have ventured to choose the former alternative, it was for the following reason :—

I have nothing to tell of great achievements, nor have I had any share in important political movements; but I was in a position to study the inner course of life and to exert some useful influence upon it. I have lived through the remarkable spiritual changes in the condition of Germany. In my youth the circumstances of life were far simpler and more peaceful than they are to-day. Life flowed in narrower channels. There was as yet none of that gigantic advance of industry and manufacture; there were no great cities with their clotted masses of humanity; life was not dominated by the workshops, or absorbed entirely in a feverish industrial activity.

This change has occurred mainly since the seventies. Any man who has experienced the earlier state of things must, with all recognition of what has been achieved, be conscious of the limitations and dangers of the new development. He must do his best to counteract these dangers and plead for the independent value of life itself. My aim has always been to work in this sense. My reminiscences tell above all of the struggle to prevent the externalisation of life. This externalisation is not, it is true, the defect or the fault of one particular nation; it is found in every nation, and a radical change is needed in each. The problems involved in this change form, with the personal complexion which I necessarily give them, the background of my life, and this may give some significance to a story that otherwise might seem unimportant.

Every man who shares the conviction that a spiritual reformation is needed will follow with a kindly sympathy the modest efforts which are recorded in my reminiscences. They are not the mere impressions of an individual. They contain experiences and aims, not merely of the German people, but of the whole of the race. Happily I was in a position to observe these experiences from a dispassionate point of view, and I trust this is reflected in my account of them.

RUDOLF EUCKEN.

# CONTENTS

PREFACE	PAGE
5	

## PART I

### CHAPTER

I. MY COUNTRY AND PEOPLE	11
II. CHILDHOOD	23
III. SCHOOL-DAYS.	39
IV. AT THE UNIVERSITY	57
V. EARLY YEARS OF TEACHING	84
VI. I BECOME PROFESSOR	102

## PART II

VII. THE BEGINNING AT JENA	117
VIII. THE GROWTH OF MY IDEAS	133
IX. MY INFLUENCE ABROAD	153
X. IN THE DARK DAYS	172
XI. FINAL REFLECTIONS	189

WORKS OF EUCKEN TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH	211
INDEX	213



# PART I





## CHAPTER I

### MY COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

EAST FRIESLAND, my native province, is small in extent, but it has marked characteristics, and it has contributed much to the life of Germany. Lying between the North Sea, Holland, the Duchy of Arenburg (with a strictly Catholic population), and Oldenburg, it has been thrown very much upon its own resources. For ages it has had to sustain a terrible struggle with the stormy ocean, and many a devastating flood lingers in the memory of its people. The soil varies much in quality, and it greatly exercises the ingenuity of the inhabitants. The frontier, the Marches, is the most fertile part, and is the chief source of the wealth of the province. Next to this is the Geest, with excellent agricultural conditions; and there is finally the moor, on which life is hard. Thus the sources of its economic life are agriculture, a very successful business of horse-rearing, fishery, and trade.

The national situation also is peculiar. East

Friesland lies between Holland and Germany, and it has cultural relations with both. One result was that it received the Reformation as early as 1520, and developed it in its own way. One part of the country became Lutheran, the other Reformed; Lutheranism came from the east, while Dutch influence was greater in the west. Even in my childhood the Dutch ecclesiastical language still prevailed in the Reformed churches.

The earlier history of the province is largely legendary, and many questions in connection with it have not yet been answered. The political condition was peculiar, and on that account East Friesland took up a special position of its own in Germany. In the later Middle Ages the heads of a few families were predominant, but there was a thorough communal freedom and no feudal system. After fearful disturbances and savage struggles, the House of Zirksena attained the dignity of Count of the Empire in the year 1454. The Count, later Prince, was, however, rather the first among equals than a sovereign lord. His power was greatly restricted by the general conditions, the population being divided, in the old fashion, into nobles, burghers, and peasants; and even the peasants took part independently in the political life. Some of the princes, notably Edzard the Great (1491-1528), accomplished a good deal, but life gradually became an unceasing struggle

between the prince and the estates, which sometimes raised their own armies and had their own courts of justice. The princely house, however, helped to maintain the independence of East Friesland against the Dutch.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the province had a narrow escape from being united with Burgundy and sharing the fate of Holland, which had no small influence in it until the princely house died out. Until that time Emden, by far the largest and richest town of the province, always had a Dutch garrison. In 1744 East Friesland fell to Prussia. Frederick the Great visited it and took a good deal of interest in the promotion of its trade. There are still anecdotes about him on the lips of our people. In 1807 the province passed to Holland, then to France (under Napoleon). In 1815 it was incorporated in Hanover. This did not please the East Frisians. They expected that their trade and merchant service would do better under the greater power of Prussia, and they had, in fact, done very well under it. For decades the birthday of Frederick William III was celebrated in private gatherings, even long after his death.

There is hardly another province of Germany with so thorough an historical research as that of East Friesland. Important works on its history began to appear early in the sixteenth century,

and they strengthened the people's love of their Frisian home and their consciousness of its original features. It is remarkable that the Frisian tongue, which was in general use in the height of the Middle Ages, began to lose ground in the sixteenth century, until it was almost confined to the villages.<sup>1</sup> In the seventeenth century Low German came into universal use, though many words are preserved in the Frisian form, and a considerable number of genuine Frisian proper names survive.

Now let us glance at the inhabitants of the province in which I was reared. Their characteristics are seriousness and firmness, love of work, and a great power of resisting dangers; and at the same time a certain quietness and reserve, in fact a certain slowness of expression. They are rather retiring and laborious than brilliant.

From the first the Frisians had to maintain severe struggles: a struggle with the stormy ocean that laid waste their fields, a struggle with neighbouring princes who threatened their independence, and a struggle to preserve their proper character, which they guarded obstinately even in the face of ecclesiastical orders. They have

<sup>1</sup> The affinity of the Frisian speech to Old English is so close that the following couplet could be compiled:—

“ Good butter and good cheese  
Is good English and good Fries.”

*Trans.*

shown great independence in their constitution, customs, and way of thinking, and they have developed a manner of life that is peculiar to themselves. From very ancient times they have been known as "the free Frisians." They have a very pronounced feeling of justice, and nothing is so intolerable to them as an infringement of their rights. It is not a matter of chance that a widely read work of the great East Frisian jurist, Ihering, is entitled *The Struggle for Justice*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Frisian law is rich in florid phrases, and shows clearly that the national character is by no means lacking in poetry. It is noticeable, too, that the Frisians loved liberty above all things, and by no means shared the dream of complete equality. Borchling says (*The Early Sources of the Law of East Friesland*, 1906, p. 12): "No other law has such a subtly differentiated and exhaustive list of fines as the Frisian, and in this the *Lex Frisionum* and the later laws of East Friesland entirely agree." The Frisian law also shows that there was no lack of higher culture in the province. Objects found in the moor district, for instance, show that artistic lace-making existed in East Friesland about the middle of the first century of the Christian Era. There is an appreciation of the industry in the *Lex Frisionum*, which in one place assigns to the *feminae fresum facienti* a higher compensation for injury equal to that of a goldsmith or a harper.

There is also in the official documents a recognition of the exceptionally good position of the Frisian peasant. Particularly noteworthy is a ruling of the Hanoverian Government of February 21, 1818, as to "the conduct of officials in East Friesland toward the inhabitants." The officials are enjoined "never to lose sight, in their relations with individuals of the third estate, of the special condition of those individuals in East Friesland, and to remember that the East Frisian who belongs to the estate is a free landowner, and there are amongst them some who in education and

The Frisian is much attached to religion, but he is very tolerant of other people's creeds. It is worth noting that since the Reformation the community has had the full right over the greater part of the province to choose its own pastor, and that women shared the right to vote, if they were householders. As to intellectual life, East Friesland had plenty of schools, and even infant schools, before the Reformation; in fact, no province felt the craving for education earlier than ours. We must admit that the system was not vigorously developed.

Literary life is mainly taken up with Frisian questions and problems, as one would expect in view of the self-contained nature of the province. The East Frisians have devoted their mental energies mainly to their country, but it must not be forgotten that the small province has given many distinguished workers in different fields to the life of Germany. Conspicuous amongst these are two eminent jurists. Hermann Conring (1606–1681), an all-round scholar, honoured throughout Europe, had the special merit of founding the history of law in Germany. The other famous jurist is well known—Rudolf Ihering. Then, in the two Fabricius's, the province produced

comfort are far above the peasants in other provinces, without having any further rights than these." The officials are also told to speak of "residents," and not "subjects."

eminent astronomers. David Fabricius<sup>1</sup> corresponded regularly with Kepler, and his observations contributed to the success of Kepler's great work on the planet Mars. The son, Johannes Fabricius, discovered sun-spots. In medical science, again, East Friesland has two distinguished representatives. Reil († 1813) did remarkable work in charge of the hospital in the War of Liberation, and had previously published several important scientific works.<sup>2</sup> Frerichs also was distinguished in medicine. We must not suppose that East Friesland was without representatives in the intellectual life of Germany.

My home in the narrower sense was Aurich, the chief town of the province. It owes its importance to its central position, all the other towns of East Friesland being situated near the frontiers. Aurich was therefore the natural centre, and,

<sup>1</sup> David Fabricius (1564–1617). There is a passage in his correspondence with Kepler which clearly shows the difference between the general views of the two men. Kepler writes to him (*Works*, i, 332): “Tibi Deus in naturam venit, mihi natura ad divinitatem aspirat.”

<sup>2</sup> The memory of Reil is preserved, not only in science, but by the honourable mention of him in Goethe's works. In July 1814 Goethe and Riemer composed a “curtain-raiser” for production in Halle. It seems to have been played in what had been Reil's garden. Whether or no Goethe wrote little of the play, and left the bulk of the work to Riemer, at all events Goethe included in his own works the lines in honour of Reil to which we refer. They are in the third act, and, strange to say, are little known, though they are very complimentary to Frisian life and Friesland.



while the town had scarcely any manufactures, it was predominantly a town of officials, since it was the seat of all administration. Most of the officials came from Hanover. It was characteristic of the Frisians and Lower Saxons that the officials of the Duchy were placed, in popular esteem, far above those of the Government. At certain times the quiet town was invested with a special economic importance, on account of its annual fairs, especially the horse-fairs, which brought dealers from all parts, even beyond Friesland. In my time the schools were closed on the chief days of the annual fairs, and everything centred upon them.

The town had a peculiar spiritual atmosphere, which we may justly describe as happy. Restfulness and peace, as yet undisturbed by a railway, brooded everywhere, and each man could follow his own hobbies. Intellectual life was greatly esteemed, but social questions still slumbered, only a wave breaking upon us from time to time from the larger life of the country. The country round was unpretentious but pleasant. The town was girt by forests and small spinneys, which gave excellent recreation to pedestrians. The houses were small but comfortable, and often provided with gardens. An ancient moat surrounded the town. The aspect of the whole was enlivened by several very handsome wind-

mills. Unfortunately, the fine spring was often spoiled by heath-fires, which sometimes filled the whole district with a choking smoke.

I was born on January 5, 1846, the first child of my parents after ten years of wedded life. The house in which I was born is at the corner of the Osterstrasse and the Neustadt. My father came from the Frisian Jeverland, and belonged to an ancient, and formerly well-to-do, family of farmers, but the family had lost its property in the terrible flood of 1825. This compelled my father to seek an official position, and he entered the postal service. He was at first in charge of the post office at Wittmund, then head of the general post office at Aurich. He had every chance of getting a better position at Hanover, but he was too good a Frisian to be able to leave his home. I was only five and a half years old when he died, though I have a very clear impression of his personality. He was greatly attached to me, and used to bring me home every day from the little kindergarten school; and he even entered the date of every month of my age conscientiously in his diary. I may note that I have inherited from him a gift for mental arithmetic and a great interest in statistics and commercial returns, in which my relatives on my mother's side took little interest. This love of statistics was not at all in harmony with my general character, yet it

has persisted in me, and my acquaintances at Bremen have often joked about the accuracy of my knowledge of the trade and shipping figures. Probably my father would have had a deeper influence on me if he had lived.

Incomparably greater was the influence of my mother, who may be said to have passed on to me the chief features of her character. She was the daughter of a respected clergyman who was (1776-1848) one of the leaders of Rationalism in East Friesland. He worked indefatigably in the cause of thoughtfulness and enlightenment. His Rationalism was of the kind that takes predominantly a moral view of Christianity, regarding Jesus as above all a friend of men and children. Rationalism of this kind was certainly modest, and it never got beyond the status of a popular philosophy; but it did valuable work, especially in connection with education. My grandfather<sup>1</sup> followed very sympathetically the reform movement amongst teachers, and in his own house he set up a private school which attracted Dutch, Norwegians, etc., as well as Germans. He was not without artistic gifts. In his earlier years he wrote novels, and some of his poems were widely and greatly appreciated. He

<sup>1</sup> For details about my grandfather, Rudolf Christoph Gittermann, Ph.D., and his writings, see the *Neuer Nekrolog der Deutschen*, vol. xxvi, 1848, Part I, pp. 362-75.

worked also very zealously for the popularisation of gardens. The village in which he spent most of his life still has, thanks to his efforts, some very good plantations.

As regards his position in philosophy, I may note the fact that in the year 1801 he graduated at the University of Rinteln with a dissertation which was entitled : "Man is from his very nature either morally good or morally bad." He expressly adds : "According to Kant's principles." For East Friesland itself, the attainment of his degree hindered rather than helped his social position. A doctor of philosophy seemed to be something very learned and remote from ordinary folk ; and, indeed, people could not understand a "doctor" who was not a doctor of medicine. It is remarkable that this courageous, ever active man, always seeking to promote the common good, was never called to a good position. He was content to work quietly in his own place, the little village of Eggelingen, and he had there the advantage of lively social relations with Jever on the one hand and Wittmund on the other.

The home of my grandparents was thus full of intellectual and social life. My mother received her training and her scientific education from her father, though he was not at all in favour of learned women ; my mother often said that he might have done more for her in this regard.

While my grandfather was intellectual and scientific, my grandmother was predominantly practical, and she took a particular pride in making everything that it was possible to make in her own house. There was spinning, weaving, brewing, and so on. Thus my mother developed at home an alert and practical sense. She was considered both clever and lovable, and was much esteemed by all her friends. She had a fine capacity for giving form to her impressions of human life and nature. In the course of her life she showed a remarkable elasticity and strength. A young and talented artist of Emden, Camminga, gave me a picture that represents her as a young and very attractive woman; she looks out at us with a certain air of reflection, almost of gravity. Later it gave me great pleasure to find the famous art connoisseur, Jacob Burckhardt, describing it as a "fine picture." From her early years my mother was full of literary interests. She had excellent judgment, and it follows that she was far from content with the prevailing social life of the middle of the nineteenth century. She took great pleasure in nature, especially in the forest and the sea, and often refers to this pleasure in her diaries.

## CHAPTER II

### CHILDHOOD

THE earliest part of my life was not very happy. I was, in fact, nearly removed from life by an accident soon after I had entered it. My first year was scarcely completed when, as I sat on my mother's knees, I quickly snatched an open curtain-fastener out of her key-basket, and thrust it in my mouth and began to swallow it. It was a narrow escape from suffocation. My mother tried with all her strength to reach and pull out the fastener, and my throat was badly torn. In the end she succeeded in getting it out, and she fainted as soon as she had done so. The whole household gathered round, and four or five doctors were summoned. They all thought that I would die in a few minutes. "Let the child die in peace," our own medical man said. My grandmother, however, tried to force some gruel down my throat, and, observing the effect carefully, she said that I had swallowed a few drops. This gave the doctor fresh courage, and I was saved, though I remained very weak for a long time.

This was not my only misfortune. Scarlet fever came later, and left behind it ugly growths on the cornea of my eyes. For this I was at first given the wrong treatment. I was kept away from the light, and had to spend whole weeks in complete darkness. None of the remedies—and they were rather barbarous—helped in the least. At last the doctor told my parents that I would become blind. Other doctors were summoned, and the distinguished oculist, Dr. Lange, of Emden, supported by our friend the famous Professor Frerichs, saved my sight. The eyes remained very tender for some time, and I was on that account exempted from military service as permanently unfit; but they became stronger in later years. My health suffered much from these illnesses, and I had to do a good deal of sea-bathing.

These experiences tended to make me serious, and indeed often brought fits of brooding upon me, especially as they were followed by the painful loss of relatives. First my only brother, a dear little fellow, was taken. We had played together to our heart's content on Christmas Day 1850 on a slide we had made. On New Year's Eve we were taken to church to hear the trumpets, which, according to our custom, greeted the opening of a new year. On January 2nd, however, my brother was very ill, and he died five

days afterwards. It was a terrible experience for me, and I feel it still, at times, as severely as ever.

The loss of this glowing and beautiful child hurt my parents very deeply, and it proved a heavy blow to the precarious health of my father. The three of us went to the bathing station at Nordeney in order to restore him, and there I was brought home from a children's party to learn that he was dead. The body was brought through the shoals in a carriage, to Aurich, and buried there. Thus a flood of sorrows fell upon my poor mother, but, shaken as she was, and painfully as she felt all her life the loss of her loved ones, she never lost the courage and strength to fight on. At the pressing invitation of our relatives in Hanover, we made a long stay there, which is the first journey that I can remember. At that time the route lay first to Oldenburg, then by ship to Brake, and from there to Bremen, where I saw for the first time, and was profoundly impressed by, a railway. The journey greatly improved my mother's health, and she was heartened by the cordiality of friends and acquaintances, though that was an experience that meant much more to her than to me. In the coach from Gifhorn to Celle we met a worthy rabbi who talked with my mother, and he laid his hand on my head and blessed me.



“He will go through distant lands,” he said, and “will do great things in the service of God.” It made a very deep impression on my stricken mother.

• At Aurich we retired to a very modest little house, though it had a nice garden. My grandmother had bought it for her days of widowhood. It lay outside the town proper, in what was called the Zingel. The town-moat separated this Zingel from the town itself, and quite close to us was a handsome windmill, which conscientiously told us the wind and weather. The garden, which led directly to a large meadow, was my greatest joy. It was mainly a kitchen-garden, supplying us with potatoes, beans, etc., but it contained also a number of fruit-trees and bushes. I soon chose my favourite spots, sometimes in an arbour, at other times up a fruit-tree. There was a small garden, with poppies, in front of the house; and there were vines at the side, which usually gave us a good harvest.

Aurich is a very suitable place for growing children. The town is situated on a wide stretch of sand, which is continued under the moor; and there are woods of various sizes for pleasure-trips. The gardens between the meadows are enlivened by plenty of butterflies in the summer, and there were flowers in great variety, with which the pupils used to fill their herbaria. In

the spring, on Ascension Day, there was at that time a festival that greatly excited us young folk. The fronts of the houses, especially the front gardens, were decorated with violets and buttercups in a certain traditional style. It was a point of honour with all the inhabitants to decorate what we called the "bride's path" as prettily as possible. All day long, on the preceding Sunday, the children gathered violets and buttercups. Probably the meaning of it is in some ancient happening in connection with the princely house. The custom was confined to Aurich. As soon as the day dawned we went round examining the decorations and comparing one with another. Any man who did not join in the celebration had to suffer a good deal of chaff. The older schoolboys revelled in skittles.

As the roads were not very good at that time, much use was made, for the purpose of transport, of flat-bottomed boats on the canal from Aurich to Emden. They were quite characteristic of the quiet and easy life of those days. These boats, which had a covering, were drawn by two horses, and they had to pass under or over the various sluices; which gave time for refreshments or for leaving the boat. Half the boat, the "cabin," was reserved for educated people, who used to make their tea in comfort, while the other half of the boat was for the vegetable-

women. As the canal approached Emden, the houses became finer and finer, and at last the ancient city, with its noble walls and windmills, broke upon our sight.

• Of neighbouring towns it was chiefly Emden and Esens that came within my experience, as we had relatives in each of those places. Emden seemed to me a picture of a dying, but dignified, greatness. Its most prosperous time had been in the second half of the sixteenth century. At that time it played a great part in the struggle for freedom of the Dutch against the Spaniards. Many of the persecuted sought refuge in Emden, and its trade was extensively developed. It fought hard for the full right of staple-law in those days. Especially impressive was the beautiful Rathaus, built after the model of the Antwerp City Hall about the end of the sixteenth century. It contains some valuable silver and a magnificent collection of weapons, which is considered one of the finest in Germany. Many of the private houses also retain something of the splendour and wealth of older times.<sup>1</sup> But in the middle

<sup>1</sup> Emden once had amongst its statesmen a man of European reputation, Johannes Althusius (Althaus). He was Syndic of the town from 1604 to 1638. His chief work on political philosophy was his *Politica* (modified and enlarged in 1610, and printed three further times before and after his death). In his writings he was a zealous champion of civic and class interests. The *Politica* is in the later editions more and more concerned with Frisian and Dutch interests.

of this prosperous period a great flood devastated the town: the Ems broke away from its old bed and entered upon a new course further to the left. In spite of every effort it was impossible, with the means that were then available, to bring the river back. Emden remained cut off from the sea for a long time, and its commerce was greatly injured. Frederick the Great brought the town a new prosperity at the end of the eighteenth century. This was followed by a reaction; and at last, in the later decades of the nineteenth century, large technical buildings were raised, and the town won a great share in the higher commerce. It has had a chequered career.

My relations with the smaller town, Esens, were especially intimate, as my mother's younger brother, Carl Gittermann, taught in the Latin School there. He was a very ingenuous and talented man, a most lovable and fine-natured personality. He never reached any position of distinction, however, partly because he would go his own way, and partly because he had not enough ability to make the most of his excellent qualities. On the philosophical and religious side he was under the influence of the Neo-Hegeleans, especially Feuerbach. For a time

It is characteristic of Althusius, who was also an elder of his religious community, that in 1617 he recommended a common festival in honour of Luther and Zwingli.

Feuerbach had a very strong influence on his generation. Many thought that it was possible to reconcile the new theory with religion and Christianity; though, obviously, that could only be done by ignoring all contradictions and representing an idealised world as reality. There can be no doubt that Gittermann was perfectly sincere in attempting thus to reconcile the radical theory with religious conviction. I have myself heard him deliver many a sermon that was instinct with the fullest truthfulness.

The situation was, however, bound to lead to conflicts, and they soon came. In addition my uncle was a strong partisan of Prussia and the unity of Germany. He stood out courageously as such even during the period of reaction (1851), and was condemned to six weeks' detention in a fortress; though, to tell the truth, the martyrdom was comfortable enough, and it afterwards brought him a silver cup from his admiring fellow townsmen. His position in Esens was very modest. My uncle repeatedly refused calls to a better-paid pastorate in other communities; he felt that they were not consistent with his convictions. Near Esens he founded a Protestant congregation, and he wrote a good deal in favour of a freer conception of the world and life.

In the end he was, after a long quarrel, sent to teach at the School of Navigation at Leer, and

he ended his days there in 1892. I visited him shortly before his death, and still vividly remember the encounter. The great features of life stood out clearly before his eyes in his last years, and there was little trace left of Feuerbach. The stern political and religious conflicts were over. His last days were blessed by a peaceful and conciliatory mood. In my early years discussion with him about the great questions had had a very stimulating effect on me. In those days we agreed very little, as I saw from the first that Feuerbach and Christianity were irreconcilable. Yet he opened out many questions for me, and in his library I was able for the first time to read works of philosophy, which I could not otherwise obtain. In consequence of the intimate relations between my mother and her brother, we used to spend Christmas with him and his family and have a happy time there. My mother found rest from her daily labours.

The voyages to the islands, which we made frequently, were especially important for me. We generally went to Langeoog, occasionally to Borkum; and my uncle's family went with us. An excursion to the bathing stations was in those days a curious experience. The voyage itself was primitive enough. A small sailing ship, which made little headway against unfavourable winds, took us out to the island. At certain

times when the sail was shifted the passengers had to lie on the floor, and this was done repeatedly. You could not remain in the cabin, except in the very worst weather, because it was so small. When the boat reached its goal, at the end of several hours, a sort of cart (locally known as a *Wüppe*) splashed through the sea, and conveyed the passengers to the various houses of the fishermen or seamen with whom quarters had been secured in advance.

Housekeeping was not easy, as the ladies had to bring the greater part of the food, including meat and vegetables, with them from the mainland. It was only when a boat came that the island got any yeast, so that bread and cakes could be cooked. The joyous fact was announced by running up a flag, and the few visitors rushed to the shore to get their share of the luxury. The walks on the fine beach and the very bracing bathing were immensely beneficial to body and mind. In the afternoon the favourite custom was to gather in a tent on the Nordstern for tea. There were little picnics to the white dunes. Muscles and other shell-fish were collected; and at times there was the phosphorescence on the water to admire. The dunes are very fine, and one has a very wide prospect from the top of them; with a telescope one could see the Hanseatic steamers in the distance. The imagination could

reach out an immeasurable distance, and give us the illusion of being quite close to the great life of the world.

The spiritual economy also was primitive, as there was no resident clergyman. At certain times, and on festivals, ministers came from neighbouring places. Otherwise the spiritual work was done by an aged schoolmaster, whom my uncle always greeted as "colleague." On one occasion my uncle heard a fearful noise coming from the school in an unending stream. When he asked the cause, the teacher proudly replied: "I have adopted a new method and instituted an hour of quiet reflection for my pupils."

Our relations with the other visitors, who were not numerous, were naturally close and friendly. People talked to each other of their small joys and sorrows, and were thrown entirely upon each other. There was not the same human weariness in those days as there is to-day. People now fly to nature only to discuss their trivialities and to flatter each other's vanity. It is a pity that the grandeur of nature has nothing better to offer them! In my early days men went to the bathing places to get bodily and mental rest, to store up fresh strength for the winter's work.

We were on very pleasant terms, in the end friendly terms, with the islanders. Most of the



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The spiritual economy also was primitive, as there was no resident clergyman. At certain times, and on festivals, ministers came from neighbouring places. Otherwise the spiritual work was done by an aged schoolmaster, whom my uncle always greeted as "colleague." On one occasion my uncle heard a fearful noise coming from the school in an unending stream. When he asked the cause, the teacher proudly replied: "I have adopted a new method and instituted an hour of quiet reflection for my pupils."

Our relations with the other visitors, who were not numerous, were naturally close and friendly. People talked to each other of their small joys and sorrows, and were thrown entirely upon each other. There was not the same human weariness in those days as there is to-day. People now fly to nature only to discuss their trivialities and to flatter each other's vanity. It is a pity that the grandeur of nature has nothing better to offer them! In my early days men went to the bathing places to get bodily and mental rest, to store up fresh strength for the winter's work.

We were on very pleasant terms, in the end friendly terms, with the islanders. Most of the

men were seafarers, and they did not regard death at sea as a particular misfortune. Those who live on the coast have ideas of their own. The seaman and his world are firmly convinced that a fate which none can evade rules all things, and they think it unmanly, even cowardly, to resist it. It is remarkable what very different shapes this thought can assume in their minds. Those who are strictly religious see in such accidents the direct action of God; the less religious submit to fate as to some dark power, and have not the least doubt about its universal rule. "It had to be so," is the customary form of consolation. This belief in fate by no means paralyses their courage and energy in action, but it forbids useless repining at what was bound to happen. When a sympathetic visitor asked one of the islanders how they would fare if some sudden catastrophe or grave illness befell them, as there was no doctor on the island, the weather-hardened man replied: "Well, in that case we should have to die our own death." Langeoog has meantime become a handsome bathing place, and this description fits it no longer. I recall with deep pleasure, however, the weeks I spent there. They were decisive in my development, for they gave me health and a thorough rest in which I felt deep impressions.

Apart from this, and the journey to Hanover

in 1852, I did not leave East Friesland until my college days began. This made my mother all the more ingenious in devising little day-trips to refresh and brighten me. She had once read in Zschokke, who was amongst her favourite authors, that it is good for growing boys to let them make little journeys for the day by themselves. This, therefore, I often did with a few companions, taking a very simple lunch with me. We wandered joyously through numbers of often very fine villages, and we were especially delighted with the fens (of which there were groups on the moors), where we found ourselves in a new world. They took the shape of canals, and they not only connected villages with each other, but they had a lot of small docks at which sailing vessels were built. There were also hot-houses, for which the neighbouring moor supplied the fuel.

It was only in later years that I reflected how excellent the position was for the shipowners and seamen. East Friesland had at that time quite a fleet of small wooden vessels, which went particularly to England or Norway, many of them only taking to the sea in the summer. The men were very skilful on the sea. They earned a comfortable, if modest, living, unless some fatality at sea cut them off prematurely. But they lived in a small world, and they could not

at first compete with the larger vessels which came in. Technical developments made their small boats of little value, and the seamen mostly passed into the service of the big transport companies. It was another illustration of the way in which modern industry, with its technical requirements, oppresses the individual and robs him of his independence.

After the death of my father and brother, my mother and I were thrown upon each other. From very early years my mother shared my labour of learning and did her best to assist me. Her chief task was, however, to see to our daily bread. Our means were small, the pension of a widow at that time being not more than six-hundred marks [£30] a year. My father had wished to provide for the future, but he had joined one of those clubs in which the members subscribe collectively a certain sum which is eventually to be divided amongst the survivors. My father died shortly before the date at which he would benefit, and my mother had to seek other means. She helped our circumstances later by taking lodgers. It was a mere accident that gave her the idea. A respected burgher from Esens had observed on the island how carefully and providently my mother tended me, and he now came to ask her to take charge of his own son. The boy remained with us several years, until it was

time for him to go to college. The arrangement fell heavily on my mother, who was of a nervous disposition, but she did what was necessary with her usual elasticity and energy, and gave the children entrusted to her the care of a parent, and to this day I receive tokens of their gratitude.

House and garden were our common property. Little festivals were arranged, and our poems were often read of an evening. In a word, it was a thing of joy and devotion to her to do all that was necessary in the house. For me it was essential that I should not be solitary, but should have others about me every day. My mother had an even, pious disposition, and she was very fond of the young. A little girl, whom she did not know, once met her in the street, and never after could the girl forget my mother's luminous eyes. Dr. Schröder (born Peters), of Schloss Poggelow, in Mecklenburg, who was this little girl, became known to me in later years, and she said: "I could never forget those eyes: the moment I saw them I knew whose they were." Small wonder that our little circle was happy, and life-long friendships were formed in it. Closest of all to me were the brothers Voss: of whom the elder died early, and the younger is the greatly esteemed Professor of Mathematics at Munich University. How often did we three growing boys talk together of great questions as we wandered

—for we were not assiduous church-goers—through the woods of Aurich !

It is well known in what a difficult social position the widows of officials find themselves. They want, and are compelled, to keep up the old position, and it costs much effort and pain. My mother fully maintained her place. In those days we lived happily in a very unpretentious way. Often we spent the whole day with neighbours in the forest, with little in the way of provision beyond a dish of rice and a bottle of mild white ale. But we took in at every breath the strength of the forest and felt it in us. All my mother's efforts tended to one aim—to lead me to the heights of academic education. That was her sole object in life. Year by year a small sum was laid by, and a careful counsellor, of old Jewish stock, whose grandson was a great friend of mine, saw that it was safely invested.

## CHAPTER III

### SCHOOL-DAYS

THE Aurich gymnasium goes back to the time of the Reformation, though in those days a single teacher, trained in the classics, gave the whole of the education. In 1646 the organisation was enlarged, and since that date the gymnasium has been called "the Ulrich School." The old titles were still partly used. At the head was, in former times, the rector, then a co-rector, a sub-rector, a collaborator, and finally the "cantor." In the course of the nineteenth century there was a further development. East Friesland had then only two gymnasia of full status: Norden and Leer had pro-gymnasia.

The gymnasium at Aurich was frequented by boys of the town and by the sons of the land-owners, clergy, etc., from other parts. This caused a great diversity of age in the classes, the pupils from a distance being considerably older. They used to live in the houses of the burghers, and their way of life was very much that of university

students. There was also a difference in speech, as these foreigners generally spoke Low German, while we Aurich boys spoke High German in our homes, though we also spoke Low German in common. For this preponderance of the Low German there were good reasons, and I would not resist the present movement in favour of it. Yet we Aurichers had a feeling that the German culture, especially the classical culture, was foreign to us: Goethe, for instance, was very difficult for boys who spoke Low German. Even the choice of words was very restricted owing to this division into High and Low German. There was, as in the life of North Germany generally, no living stream from the speech of the people. All of us who are rooted in Low German life have in our intellectual activity to guard constantly against the danger of an abstract way of speaking and thinking. We can counteract this tendency, but it requires a good deal of effort and labour. I once proposed to my fellow-pupils that we should get over the difficulty by using High German in our conversation at the school. The majority agreed, but a minority clung to Low German, and they gained ground from day to day until at last they beat us. That is easily explained by the freshness and crispness of the Low German, in spite of its note of sadness. Many of our favourite expressions could hardly be translated



into High German. I myself often use the Low German in private.

We turn from the pupils to the teachers. In the earlier days they were mostly clerics. It was only in the course of the nineteenth century that the philological side became preponderant. The teachers were educators rather than learned men, but they gave their best powers to their work, and they entered into an intimate fellowship with each of their pupils. The technical instruction was secondary to the practical moral training. Certain defects were unmistakable. The various sections worked into each other much less than is required to-day. The choice of books, for instance, was for the most part left to the various teachers, and there was very little use of pictures. We had, for instance, a very unsatisfactory picture of the classical seats of ancient life. Yet all these defects were outweighed by the advantage of independent and individual development. Each boy could grow according to his own nature, and had time enough to follow his own interests. There was then no such thing as our unhappy "voluntary examination," which has done so much harm to our higher students, as it means the preponderance of military and bureaucratic interests over intellectual and spiritual development. The middle class, in particular, has suffered severely from it. The unfortunate institution did not then exist in Hanover and East Friesland.

All of us who studied at the Aurich gymnasium have the most grateful remembrance of our teachers and of the mental atmosphere of the school. It would be of no interest to strangers for me to describe each of the teachers, and I will be content to tell a few characteristics. The director was Rothert, a Westphalian, who from his college days was a loyal supporter of the burghers. He controlled his gymnasium very ably, and kept good discipline. He took us so quickly through Greek that we soon got to the *Odyssey*, of which he gave us impressions we shall never forget. Amongst the other teachers I record my grateful and friendly memory of the co-rector, Ruprecht. He was the first to take a warm interest in my spiritual development, and he made it possible for me to pass over one of the classes, the upper third. Unhappily, his teaching career was much hampered by increasing ear-trouble; but I maintained a friendly correspondence with him always.

The later director, Volkmar, introduced us with taste and much ability to the masterpieces of ancient literature: the co-rector Funck taught us to appreciate French literature; and the co-rector Möhring cultivated my leaning to mathematics. But by far the strongest influence was that of Rector Wilhelm Reuter, who was class-leader in the second form, and who, both by

means of religious instruction and by his German lessons to the two higher classes, worked with extraordinary depth and warmth upon the souls of his pupils. He was by nature more of a theologian than a philologist, but he had had a good philosophical training, and had made a thorough study of Hegel and Krause. The chief strength of his life was, however, his deep religious and moral influence on the hearts of his pupils. He infused his whole personality into it, and took infinite pains with each individual, so as to develop him, not only intellectually, but also spiritually, and above all morally. He was ready at any moment to consider the interests of any pupil and to shape even the most refractory material. He was particularly untiring in dealing with our compositions. More than once he set us different themes for composition, to meet the natures and capacities of different pupils. He often gave me a special theme for myself, to suit my interest in philosophy. Yet, with all my high appreciation of Reuter, I was in some respects opposed to him. He was a strict believer of the Lutheran Church, though no fanatic. I myself was, both through my family connections and my own inner experience, of a free-thinking tendency. He made every possible effort to bring me to what he regarded as the right way. Many times he spoke to me on the subject, never using his authority

as a teacher, but putting to me the rights of the matter. To such illumination I was entirely foreign; but I am grateful to Reuter for enabling me to see from my early years how to reconcile the sharp antitheses of life and the spiritual contents of the soul, and thus confirming me in the main direction of my own efforts. Naturally I remained always attached to Reuter, and we corresponded regularly.<sup>1</sup> He wept bitterly when I last saw him.

It was very regrettable, indeed poignant, that this fine-natured teacher, who was wholly taken up with his work of forming souls, fell into political conflicts in his later years, and was treated in a way that filled us Frisians with indignation. Reuter came from Hildesheim, and he considered himself an Old Hanoverian. Then came the annexation of 1866 and the dethronement of the King. This deeply hurt Reuter's moral sentiments, and, as he never made any mystery of his convictions, he probably spoke to his pupils

<sup>1</sup> As far as I know, Reuter published only one small work, *Lessing's Education of the Human Race. Exposition of the Contents and the Aim* (1881, 80 pp.). His relations with the great jurist Ihering are worthy of note. Ihering shows in a letter of December 17, 1840, how highly he appreciated Reuter. "I shall always acknowledge," he says, "what a useful influence you have had on my life, not merely by awakening in me a feeling for science, but by enabling me to choose my present course in life." I have myself given a short account of my grateful appreciation of Reuter in the East Friesland *Monatsblätter* in 1881 (pp. 193-8).

about it. Some of the pupils who were not Frisians must have told their parents, and probably gossip had a hand in it. At all events, there was a legal inquiry and he was deposed. The East Frisians, who had known him for years as a man entirely innocent of politics and were full of appreciation of his great merits, were embittered by this treatment of their revered master. They did everything that was possible to express their esteem of him, and they made the most urgent appeals to the highest authorities. In the end the matter proved to be not so bad as it had threatened to become, but Reuter was forced to retire, and, as far as I could ascertain, he even lost part of his slender income.

It was characteristic of the bureaucratic method that has spread over Germany like a thick net. This bureaucracy has no sense of proportion or discrimination. It thinks in rigid standards, and it is incapable of entering into another mental attitude or appreciating any right of individuality. We are experiencing a brilliant result of its work ! In Reuter Aurich had a teacher by the grace of God, who devoted his entire life to that one object. He moulded and spiritually raised whole generations, yet one word, possibly a foolish word, was enough to cut short the career of such a man.

In the meantime my views as to my future

became clearer. I have said what is necessary about my school. The greater part of my time out of school was devoted to my own work, which was at first the study of the classic languages, and then the study of philosophy. During the summer I was up regularly at five o'clock, in order to have quiet for my own work. Many years ago a former school-fellow of mine was particularly struck with the fact that I did very little work for the school, yet I remained at the head of the class. In the middle classes between top and bottom I had had a veritable hunger for reading, which drove me to go rapidly through whole volumes of the encyclopædia.

The main part of my scientific acquirements was mathematics. As a child I had had a remarkable gift for mental arithmetic, and in time this developed into a pronounced liking for mathematics. Pure algebra was, moreover, more attractive to me than geometry, with its more concrete forms. As in all other things, I carefully tested my disposition from an early age. In learning a new language, for instance, I did not advance rapidly; but the more the subject occupied me, the surer I felt of myself, and at the end of the school-year I was generally at the head of the class. My liking for mathematics led my mother and myself to conceive the idea of studying mathematics and physics at a technical school. After-

wards, however, philosophy displaced mathematics in my affections, though I remained a good mathematician right to the end of my school-days.

My interest in philosophy was strengthened by the lively concern about religion which I had entertained from early youth. Moderate liberalism was the tradition of my family. We were dissatisfied with the orthodoxy that then prevailed in East Friesland. It was not so much particular propositions that impelled my people to take up an antagonistic attitude as the conviction that this orthodoxy was, in spite of the personal character it inspired, not fitted to cope with the great problems of life. So we went our own way.

Then there were my personal experiences, which strongly impelled me to take up religious questions: the loss of my dear brother and father, my delicate health, the blindness that threatened me. My early childhood had felt little sunshine, and had been confined on every side. Yet in the face of all these restrictions I had held the belief that a higher power cared for men in general and me in particular, and that I might trust it. This faith I have never for a moment abandoned, though I have made an independent criticism of the ecclesiastical creed that I inherited. At an early age I was greatly repelled by the traditional doctrine of the mediatorship and vicarious sacrifice

of Christ. Even when I was quite a child I tormented my mother with the question why God did not Himself draw men to Him and keep evil away from them. This difference from the ecclesiastical creed made it impossible for me to study theology. The religious life presented by it seemed to me too narrow and too restricted. I have since then occupied myself much with theological problems, but I have never had any inclination to become a theologian. My uncle's experience could only confirm me in that resolution.

In politics the East Frisians were above all things good Germans. I remember still how carefully we avoided the word "Hanoverians" in our essays, and spoke only of "Germans." At the same time people were very open-minded in East Friesland: not in the same sense as the democracy of Berlin, but in the sense of the ancient tradition of a free, independent, justice-loving East Friesland. Our representatives in the Hanoverian Parliament were mostly moderate Liberals. At last, in 1858, the movement began in Prussia for rousing the slumbering forces and bringing about the unity of Germany. Great hopes of a freer development and for the unity of the nation was placed in the Prince Regent, later King William. Even the young were drawn into the movement. Later came disillusion, and, as all know, a bitter struggle arose. It was chiefly the



question of the army that caused so much excitement and trouble. The excellent, indeed necessary, plans for the army went in advance of public opinion, and not enough was done in the way of education and explanation; and the result was reaction and Junkerism in the plan. We became passionately agitated about it, and lashed up our radical sentiments. But, immature as life then was in respect of politics, there was great warmth of moral feeling, especially in the shape of a conviction that educated youth was called upon to bring about a free and united Germany. The social danger and its immense problems still slumbered at that time. Even the rise of Lassalle was thrust aside with the complacent remark that it was not State-help, but self-help, that was needed. Thus the heart of the nation seemed to lie in the educated middle class. The students seemed to be especially marked out for working in this sense. The individual had a feeling that his own contribution meant something; that it was, in fact, indispensable. In my opinion it was at a later date a great defect that the students had so few ideals of their own for the common life, and that they merely acquiesced in the existing order.

My school-days drew towards their close. My mother and I had to think more about the future, and we had a feeling of exaltation as we painted

our beautiful plans. The last year at school gave me a number of pleasant tasks. I gave preparatory instruction in mathematics to a number of juniors, and then I received from Reuter, with the assent of the director of the gymnasium, a regular commission: I was to prepare a merchant's son, who was to go on to the university, for his final examination. My chief business was to make him perfect in the German essay, and then to improve his classical studies. That was no small task for me, as I was only sixteen years old, but it gave me great pleasure. We pursued our studies quietly and comfortably in a shady garden on the canal, belonging to his family, and our success was complete. He passed the examination; but, unfortunately, he died soon afterwards.

Other scientific duties were laid on me. At Reuter's request I had to prepare a disquisition on Cicero's *Tusculana*, especially the second book of the work, from both the philosophical and philological point of view; and this was to be a sort of proof of what I had done at the gymnasium. I completed it on February 27, 1863, and Reuter made a thorough criticism. In his opinion I was least satisfactory in expounding. Anyone, he said, could find contradictions in philosophical works if he merely paid attention to the words and did not take account of the context. On the whole,

however, Reuter said that the work was "calculated to give the highest hopes of Eucken's capacity."

In the midst of these labours and plans, in the winter of 1862, I had a bad attack of measles,\* with high fever, which left me weak for months. As soon as I was better, Reuter came to see me at our house and discussed the necessary details with me. At last the matter was brought to a successful conclusion. At the close of the year 1862 my mother and I were greatly excited, as the goal was now in sight. The sound of the clock as it struck the first hour of the new year sent a thrill through us. The quiet time of preparation was over. The hour had come to put forth all my strength. I had very high expectations of the university: a new state in life. I could hardly wait for the time when it would be possible for me to press independently to the deepest sources of knowledge and go my own way. All care seemed to lie behind us. Before us stretched a bright future.

Meantime we were sufficiently clear as to my choice of a subject. It was to be philosophy; and I trusted in the course of time to reach a position as academic teacher of it. At the same time I meant to devote myself to the philological and historical faculties: partly in order that I might be able to secure a decent livelihood for my

mother and myself, but partly also because I had a lively interest in ancient times, especially the thinkers of antiquity, and in history. I therefore passed the written and oral examination with great spirit, and prepared to take a tender and grateful farewell of my school and my teachers.

There was, however, one grave difficulty that had to be settled. Should I leave my mother in Aurich, or should she accompany me to the university? Many friends were averse from our giving up our home; others feared that our living together at the university would interfere with my relations with my fellow-students. Now, my mother herself very strongly wished to bring me into close touch with my friends and my surroundings. I must, she said, acquire as quickly as possible all the arts and accomplishments. I must learn skating, even dancing, neither of which appealed to me. Music was the only thing for which I cared. Even external forms of politeness were not to be neglected. In short, she did her best to counteract my tendency for philosophising, brooding, and solitude, and it is largely owing to her efforts that I did not become a narrow-minded scholar. In this respect, therefore, there was nothing to be feared from our living together. During the years at the university she constantly endeavoured to improve my relations with my

fellows, and many a friend loved our modest home.

Once we had decided to leave East Friesland, we had the melancholy task of giving up our house; and, indeed, we had to reconcile ourselves to selling the greater part of our furniture. It was sad to part from the home in which I had grown up, sadder still to see beloved objects of our household come under the hammer. But we could not possibly take all with us out into the wide world. A part only was packed and sent to Göttingen. Yet all the pain of this parting from my old home was lost in the joyous prospect of a broader, freer, richer life. I was in a mood of deep earnestness, yet deep joy. I had all the faith and confidence of ambitious youth, and, what was more, I had clearly outlined in my mind a certain direction to which I could keep throughout my life. Even then my life and work centred upon two poles, and the distance, the opposition between them, gave a stimulus and a task to my mind. On the one hand I was overshadowed by the great problems of religion and the closely related problems of ethics. From this standpoint I endeavoured to secure a firm concentration of my efforts and my life. On the other hand, however, I felt the impulsive longing for the greater breadth and freedom of intellectual life: the thirst for clearer knowledge and for

more artistic forms. The reconciling of these two impulses has been the chief task of my life. The two acting in harmony must help to elevate life ; and there thrilled in me even then a confident belief that I could accomplish something of this great task. The details would have to await further development ; but against denial and doubt I was fortified.

Yet I could not follow these inclinations without feeling a gulf open between me and my home, and the life it had offered me. There life had been established on firm ground, and it was a brave life ; but it had no such problems of the whole man as those which had dawned upon me even in my youth, nor did it sufficiently convert existence into complete independence. In view of this problem of life I had a strong feeling of the inadequacy of the religion of my country. People inherited religion. They turned to it in days of trouble. But they had no lasting intimate relation to it, no burning desire of it. Hence there stood clearly before my eyes the sharp contrast between the modern mind, with its unlimited affirmation of life, and the Christian negation of life. All my days I remain devoutly thankful to my home for the quiet rest, the untroubled development of my strength, for many a personal stimulation ; yet I had myself to seek where my path lay, and not without earnest efforts did I find it.

That was the mood in which, accompanied by a fellow-student of Aurich, I made the journey to Göttingen. My mother followed me a few weeks later. Friends secured for us a small flat looking on the market-place at Göttingen. I began the journey in a state of great excitement. First we had, in the early morning, to take the coach from Aurich to Emden, in order to reach the railway. It was a great joy to leave the frightful roads of the time for the railway, and I blessed the name of the inventor in my thoughts. New impressions crowded upon me in Emden. More advanced students joined us. There was earnest talk about the arrangement of the studies, and I must have seemed a youth of great simplicity. I wanted as far as possible to take up all the chief subjects and work out a comprehensive philosophy of life. My friends were right in trying to dissuade me. They rightly pointed out that a man can master the methods in one science only, and that for the others he must be content with results. To me that seemed too small and narrow.

Still more amused must my companions have been at the candour with which I received impressions from nature. Every mountain seemed to me something great and wonderful, and I would know the name of each. I had not the least idea of the height of the mountains, and merely revelled in my joyous impressions. I was in a new world.

From Emden we passed through Osnabrück and Minden to Hanover. We remained a day there, and then on to Göttingen. There was a good deal to attract me to Göttingen. I had personal friends there, for Göttingen was then the nearest university for us East Frisians. Moreover, it then enjoyed great repute, and had distinguished teachers. There were masters of research and scholars of the first rank in every faculty. About seven hundred students—a good number for the time—came to it. Its chief characteristic was its blend of a certain elegance with very high scientific achievements. Its splendid library also was of great importance in this respect. It had nothing of the provincial character about it. Students came, not merely from neighbouring towns, but from the whole of Germany and from foreign countries. There were English, Scottish, Americans and Hungarians. We had, besides Göttingen, given some thought to Jena, where Kuno Fischer then taught with brilliant success. But the reasons in favour of Göttingen were paramount; and, indeed, Kuno Fischer could have done little to help me in my ideals.



## CHAPTER IV

### AT THE UNIVERSITY

My first impressions of the university were of a kind that are not uncommon amongst youths of my age. One felt oneself thrust into a strange world, robbed of the personal element that home and friends had supplied. One had some difficulty in keeping an even mind, and felt oneself lost in the great turmoil. In my case there was also a certain disillusion in regard to the professors. In my naïve way I had imagined these scholars as the wise men of the world. I expected their words to open out broad vistas to me, and in that I was naturally disappointed. Then there was the difficulty that I was attempting to do two different things. On the one hand, I treated the classical studies, with the auxiliary disciplines, as the main part of my work ; on the other hand, philosophy had far and away the largest place in my mind and heart. I hoped to settle this unmistakable conflict between my work and my wishes by strenuous devotion to study. It was

difficult, however, and once I very nearly broke down.

The teachers who had most influence on me at first were Sauppe, Curtius, von Leutsch, and Teichmüller, though Waitz's lectures also had great attraction for me. Of the philologists Sauppe did most for us. He had the advantage of having for a time been director of a gymnasium at Weimar and having shared the literary life of that place. He was tireless in his concern to help his hearers. His private library was open to every student, and he could be approached at any time for advice. His lectures were clear, acute, and learned, and they were elegant in form. He avoided philosophy. Curtius had a different way of teaching. He enchanted us by his artistic power and his youthful freshness. He drew for us fascinating pictures of the Greek world and spoke with great warmth of the old civilisation. As an examiner he was greatly liked; he let the students go their own way as far as possible, only putting in a word now and again. With a little skill the student could himself trace the course of the examination. Von Leutsch was the incarnation of philology: the sort of man who feels that the philologist is superior to all. His lectures were very thorough, but, unfortunately, too discursive. He treated his students very well if they were good philologists,

and he often invited small groups of his hearers to dinner, which was at that time a rare occurrence in Göttingen.

With Lotze, who was undoubtedly the most important thinker of those decades, I never had much to do. His lectures were distinguished for their learning, clearness, and acuteness; but they were too technical for most of the audience, and to me they offered little that was of use in regard to the problems which occupied me. The first philosophical lecture I heard was in his class-room, and it dealt with the philosophy of religion. The various strains of reasoning in it were ably developed, but I found no broad lines of the whole. It seemed to me sometimes that he trusted too much to subtlety. We could not answer his arguments, but they did not entirely convince us. Psychology was his chief auxiliary, and it served well as an introduction to the problems. I have often been unjust to this eminent thinker in my own mind, yet I certainly did not get from him what I mainly wanted: a firm conception of life. His philosophy seemed to me too much a matter of learning. It had too little bearing and influence on the totality of life.

In addition to all this I had a peculiar experience in my examination for the doctorate. I did not seek a degree in philosophy, but in classical

philology and ancient history. I had, however, to present myself to Lotze, who was a member of the preparatory commission, and I told him of my study of Aristotle, and asked his interest in my work. To my surprise, he said that it was useless to spend one's time over that thinker. What he meant was that, while Aristotle's metaphysic and psychology certainly contained important truths, his writings had come down to us in too unreliable a form for us to understand him; and that Aristotle's ethic was so poor that he would rather read a good French novel. This was, no doubt, a momentary lapse on the part of Lotze, or a paradox that was not meant to be taken seriously; but it was painful to me after all the devoted work I had given to the subject. I need not say that I regarded Lotze, who has justly been called the modern Leibnitz, as one of our leading thinkers. Moreover, I quite acknowledge the value and importance of such a philosophy of erudition as his. What I mean is that philosophy ought not to end there, especially in an age like ours, that so badly needs a firm lead.

From the philosophical point of view, Teichmüller was the most useful to me at Göttingen, and it was he especially who introduced me to the world of Aristotle. The philologists at that time took little or no interest in Aristotle, and

some of the students blamed me for spending my time in a thorough study of him. Teichmüller helped me rather by his Aristotelic exercises than by his lectures. When I gave in my name for these exercises, he told me that I was the first student who had yet done so. I replied that I would get several friends of mine to join, and I did so.

These exercises first took the text of Aristotle and then went into the problems raised by the text. Teichmüller proved to be a very learned, able, and comprehensive thinker. He was inclined to treat the historical data too subjectively, but the freshness and liveliness that pervaded the whole were a great help to us. In particular he pleased us much by inviting us to tea at the close of the exercises, which were held in his own house. He told us about his extensive travels, showed us engravings and photographs, and occasionally asked us for our opinions. Hence he did more for me than any other professor at Göttingen. The theme of my dissertation for the doctorate arose out of these exercises, though I chose it myself, and found it useful on account of its combination of philological and philosophical work. To Teichmüller I owe also an introduction to Trendelburg, whose successor I was subsequently at Basle. He himself went to Dorpat, where he had relatives. He has not been

recognised in the academic world as fully as he deserved.

I must not omit to mention that the Professor of Æsthetics, Bohtz, was very friendly, and that I attended some of his lectures on the philosophy of art. But I was chiefly occupied with a thorough study of the great philosophical works, and I sought conscientiously to determine the impression they made on me. Kant's *Critiques* I studied very carefully, but they raised many problems which were at that time beyond me. I tried instead to form an independent judgment on the chief work of David Strauss. I considered that the mythical interpretation of tradition, which he gives, presupposes an historical nucleus; and it seemed to me rather strained to apply to the whole race the predicates which the Church applies to Christ, as that implies, not merely an outward change, but a complete transformation.

There was not much interest in philosophy at that time. Some of the lectures were very well attended, but there was little trace of real philosophic life. Political and national interests were paramount. The reaction against speculative philosophy was at its height, and contemptuous allusions to it were frequently heard. Schopenhauer had, of the great thinkers, most followers. There was a great respect for Kant, and much

interest in Hartmann a little later. A new line of thought opened in Neo-Kantianism (F. A. Lange, etc.).

The relations between professors and students were excellent. We had the highest respect for our teachers, and they were most friendly and kind to us; though we never forgot the wide gulf that separates the beginner from the heads of his science. We had no idea of claiming to be on a footing of equality with them, nor was there at that time any attempt to secure co-operation in academic affairs. Some were chiefly occupied with the corporate life of the students' associations, others with scientific investigation. Research was considered the main business. The fact that the students were then much less numerous than in our time gave a more personal complexion to the university life.

The life of the students was then much less divided than it now is. They were grouped in corps, associations, and non-incorporated. What we called the *Blasen* connected these with each other. At the head of all were the corps, which were seven in number. The associates and non-incorporated acted together in many questions. It was curious to see how the strength of the various parties was tried in a very innocent field. There was at that time a Literary Museum, with reading and social rooms, and it organised enter-

tainments, such as balls. The students had the right to enter it as extraordinary members, and their representatives were entrusted with the organisation of the balls. This raised the question, which party should have the majority of votes, and there was a vast amount of intrigue. Many joined the Museum simply to have a share in the voting. As a rule the corps were in a majority. It was hailed as a great victory when the non-incorporated students afterwards got control of the business sometimes.

From the first I had joined a free association, the "Frisia." I soon found, however, that I could not very well belong to the association and live with my mother, and so, in all friendliness, I left the Frisians, though I continued on good terms with them. Thanks to my mother, I was very comfortable at home, and not only German, but Hungarian, Scottish, and other friends, visited us. Occasionally we had walks and excursions together. Once, for instance, when the moon was full, my friends and I spent the whole night in the forest. Then there were invitations to families whom we knew. I recall with peculiar pleasure the invitations that came to us from the house of a pastor in the country, Rosdorf. We sang popular songs, and discussed all sorts of questions, half in jest and half in earnest.

Above all, my mother and I wandered all over



the pleasant country round Göttingen, and often dined together at some village inn. She greatly enjoyed the new and brighter life in which we now found ourselves. For my mental development and the enlarging of my ideas we, in spite of our slender means, made one good long journey each year. The first time we went to Thuringia, visiting Eisenach and Weimar with feelings of reverence, and wandering entranced through the noble Thuringian forests. The next trip was to the Hartz Mountains, the third to the Rhine. It was at Stolzenfels that, with deep emotion, I saw the Rhine for the first time. From there we went, by Cologne, to Mainz and Frankfort, which was then the capital of the Confederation, and gay with military uniforms. It was far from my thoughts that I was destined some day to occupy a pleasant position in Frankfort.

Speaking of Frankfort recalls the Day of Princes in 1863. The atmosphere was peculiar. Every man felt that the old state of things could last no longer. Big Germans and Little Germans, as they were then called, quarrelled over the future of the country. Prussian sentiment was predominant in our world. It was felt plainly enough that the way of Austria, with its chaos of peoples, would lead to no great goal. Upon this vacillating and feverish mood there came in November, 1863, the news of the death of the

Danish King, and Germany had to face the question what was to be done about the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. It was the general feeling that Germany must not abandon its rights, and that the various German governments must unite on the question. But grave quarrels broke out at once, and the German people, including the students, felt that they were called upon to give strong expression to the will of the country. In Hanover this happened on January 10, 1864, when a parliamentary assembly from all parts of the kingdom was summoned to urge the Hanoverian Government to take energetic action. Many of us students wanted to be present. During the night we travelled to Hanover by slow train, visited the museums, and, naturally, perpetrated a good deal of nonsense.

The crowded assembly opened at noon, and one of the chief speakers was our respected teacher, Sauppe. I followed his speech with great respect, and I felt at the time that in these large assemblies it is not the ideas and the depth of conviction that count, but the use of phrases of the sharpest and most passionate character. From that moment large gatherings of the kind have been extremely distasteful to me. In the evening we were delighted with an event that moved us to make a political demonstration. The opera *The Templar and the Jewess* was being played, with Niemann,

who was then at the head of his profession, in the chief part. He sang a song which included the words: "Proud England, rejoice." But, seeing the general feeling, he changed the words to, "Proud England, shame," and added a few other strong words about England. As he sang the words, the whole of the students rose, loudly cheering the singer and demanding an encore. The band would not play, but he sang the words. The King and his entourage withdrew, but we felt that we had done a great thing. Niemann mentions the incident in his reminiscences, and says that he incurred a small fine.

The next day we paid the tribute of a laurel crown to our respected teacher. We did not, however, leave the matter there. We formed a sort of free corps for the vindication of the rights of the Duke of Augustenburg. It was poorly organised, but we drilled in the early morning under a discharged officer, and the burghers of Göttingen were so good as to supply us with weapons, though most of them were so old that it might be dangerous to use them. There was, of course, a lighter side to the business. The sergeants who drilled us were given clearly to understand that they were to be very polite to us. However, we continued to drill, and once we had a long march which closed with an attack upon an inn, one half of the students defending

and the other half storming it, which led to the breaking of many windows. In the end the opposing armies sat down to a glass of beer, and the inn-keeper was generously indemnified. Things were graver presently, when the roar of the guns opened in Schleswig. There was no room now for our efforts, which might look like pleasantries. It was, however, regrettable that the feeling which had been shown had not the slightest recognition from our statesmen, and that everything had to be ordered "from above."

In the meantime I was zealously making for my scientific goal. My course was not too smooth, for there were grave doubts to be overcome. I had entered upon the study of philosophy and philology in the belief that I could follow both sciences with equal zeal, but it gradually became clear to me that this was impossible. My immense thirst for knowledge had driven me to attend an extraordinary number of lectures in the first two terms and follow whatever attracted me. I had, for instance, taken up politics, the philosophy of religion, Sanscrit (with exercises), and other subjects, besides attending the most important lectures on philology. In the course of time I had to decide for one branch or the other. Now, the philological lectures of that time did not cater at all to my philosophical interests. My mathematical interests remained in the back-

ground all the time, so I, after grave consideration, resolved to abandon philology and devote myself to science and mathematics. I very nearly gave in my name as a student of science; and my good mother quite agreed, in spite of the very plain disadvantage of changing studies.

Then, at the commencement of the third term, I visited the philological seminary, and found that I had been elected, with several others, a regular member of the seminary. This fact led me to reflect. I could not be quite destitute of gifts for the study of languages if they awarded me this much-prized membership. It seemed to me that there was in this a hint of destiny to go on in the old path, and I came to regard this feeling as fully justified. My gifts were not in natural science, but in the moral sciences and philosophy. This meant, of course, that philosophy would drop more out of my work, though not out of my thoughts; but I was far too young and immature to find a way of my own in philosophy. I therefore devoted myself to the philological work with greater pleasure and concentration than ever, and eventually I found in Aristotle a subject that united my two interests. My relation to Aristotle was peculiar. The fundamental features of his system did not at all harmonise with my dualistic way of thinking, though I have always regarded him as a great sage in respect of his

philosophy of life. I felt the same in regard to Goethe, in whose case also it seemed to me that the chief thoughts and the philosophy of life did not entirely correspond.

This combination of philosophy and philology led me to choose my doctorate-thesis on the language of Aristotle. Aristotelic studies were then in great esteem. Distinguished men like Trendelburg, Bonitz, Brandis, Prantl, etc., dominated the work of the universities. But the peculiarities of Aristotle's language were little regarded. Bonitz had done valuable research in this field, but there was still much to be done, and therefore my studies could not be superfluous. The year 1866, in which I decided upon this dissertation, was particularly important to me. I meant to try for my degree, as I did with success on June 2nd, in the summer term; then I intended to present myself for the examination for higher teachers, and I passed it in October. They were therefore months of untiring work, and I had often to rise at five in the morning.

In this laborious period fell the great crisis of German history, and it stirred our world at Göttingen. In 1865 we were still celebrating the opening of a new college. The King, a fine-looking man, came himself to Göttingen, and made a thoughtful speech to the professors and students. The chief idea of it was that the life

of Germany must be held together by a common aim, but that this object must be attained by way of federation. The festival passed off brilliantly. The students had a torchlight-procession, and their representatives were invited to the royal banquet. But the clouds became thicker immediately afterwards, though none then suspected that the storm would break out in Göttingen itself. I myself heard the rumours of the coming trouble in a small circle of friends, which was celebrating the winning of a scientific prize by a member of our group. Late in the evening one of our friends cried out: "The whole town is full of soldiers."

Naturally our circle broke up at once, and we helped to conduct officers and men to their quarters. We learned that the Hanoverian troops had been summoned suddenly to Göttingen from the drilling ground without any baggage. The officers had not been able to provide themselves with the most necessary articles. The rumour spread soon that the King was in Göttingen, staying at the hotel "Zur Krone." There was now immense excitement. All communication with other places was suspended, and the wildest rumours circulated in the town. It was said, for instance, that the Austrians had taken Dresden and were marching upon Berlin, and that Bavarian troops were making for Göttingen in order to unite with the

Hanoverians. It was interesting to notice how in such a period of strain mere possibilities were converted into realities. I myself spoke with soldiers, one of whom asserted quite definitely that he had seen and talked to Bavarian troops. He must, of course, have met some other kind of soldiers.

The students were very divided in their political views. Most of the Old Hanoverians were embittered against Prussia, but they were at one in wishing to help the wounded, and the organisation of the ambulance soon began. Then came a rumour that the King and his staff were leaving Göttingen and going with the army to Thuringia. They went the next morning, and from our house I saw the King set out on his last ride. I was a witness of a moving historical event. As he rode out the King turned down a wrong street, and had to be put right by his adjutant. Was it not an omen?

When the Hanoverian troops had departed, Göttingen was left without any higher authority. Some of the students gave out exaggerated rumours of an impending pillage, and these were so far believed that the students themselves were requested to undertake the control of the town. They replied that they were ready to do so, but would need arms, and asked for a rifle and sabre for each from the town-arsenal. This was done,



and we patrolled the whole town, corps, associations, and "savages" being for once in unison. The chief colleges were distributed amongst us, and head-quarters were established. Guards and patrols were appointed for the night. Each troop had its special task. My own duty, for instance, was to inspect the railway station from midnight to two o'clock, to see if there were any suspicious-looking persons there. As a matter of fact, things went so gaily and carelessly that the Pro-rector expressed his deep regret that the students showed so little feeling for the needs of their country; which brought our police-work to a sudden close. The youths had really combined a very serious frame of mind with a good deal of playfulness. A few days later the Prussians arrived.

Meantime the development had followed the lines which the destiny of Germany had marked out—those of Bismarck's policy. The students were divided in their opinions about it. Before the war the young men had been thoroughly Liberal, often Radical, but at the same time thoroughly national. We hoped to see a united Germany that would give us national strength, yet maintain political freedom and permit the full development of forces. With economic questions we were then little concerned, for the extraordinary expansion of modern industry was then only beginning, and it was impossible to foresee

the complications to which it would give rise. Nor was there much question at that time of world-politics. A united Germany would, we vaguely hoped, see to everything. The students, moreover, felt that it was their vocation to lead the great advance. There was, of course, much exaggeration and crudeness of judgment; but as far as spirit was concerned, it was a good thing that the young regarded the task as theirs, and felt a duty to devote all their strength to it.

But the policy of Bismarck put an entirely different complexion upon everything. We had hitherto looked to the common will to bring about the unity of Germany, and it was now imposed upon us from above. Individuals had scarcely anything to do but submit to superior orders. The great majority acquiesced in this situation. They worked honestly and devotedly to get some clear lead out of the wild confusion of parties and of contradictory programmes and set up an unequivocal goal. There were others, however, who, while fully recognising the greatness of the man, could not lose sight of the fact that the aim was being realised without the conscious action of the people, and that we were moving along the line of a pronounced realism. To these it seemed that the tendency was too external, too exclusively military and economic. I myself, in spite of my appreciation and admiration of the

great political and diplomatic achievements of Bismarck, did not find an unadulterated pleasure in the situation. I had hoped that the progress in external things would be accompanied by an inner advance, and that life would find expression in individual action. Moreover, the new policy seemed to me to underestimate the ideal factors of human society. Hence I was afterwards opposed to the *Kulturkampf*; opposed to the harsh way in which nations incorporated in our Empire were treated, and even restricted in the use of their mother-tongues; opposed to the law against the Socialists with its unsuccessful attempt to suppress an historical movement by means of the police.

It is true that the blame for this policy lay less with Bismarck, whose immense services are above criticism, than with the listlessness and inertia of the German middle class, which was quite content so long as it was economically prosperous. People protested that they were "loyal to the Empire"—which ought not to need saying—and made their modest contributions to the party-fund. They went occasionally to meetings, yet let the life of Germany, with all its spiritual problems, remain where it was. I often thought in those days of the well-known saying of Gladstone: that Bismarck made Germany greater, but the German people smaller. This abandonment of

independent will and the assertion of it by the German middle class has had very grave consequences. Such a state of things could succeed only as long as a superior mind was at the head ; the moment the lead fell to mediocre and vacillating men, disaster became inevitable. The inevitable result in my own case was that I withdrew from party-politics. I saw my task in an inner strengthening of our people and of humanity ; and in the course of time this gave me enough to do. It was only much later that my circle widened.

At the end of October, 1866, I went by way of Magdeburg to Berlin, my mother remaining for a few weeks with her Frisian relatives. I began the journey in a state of deep emotion. From my boyhood I had resolved to leave Hanover for Prussia, where I should find, I thought, a wider and more active life. My Göttingen friends had given me a large number of introductions in order to make my way easier. It was a fresh October morning when I went from Magdeburg to Berlin, and I greeted the bright sun as a good omen. Werder and Potsdam offered many new spectacles to me. At the Berlin station I was met by a friend, Dr. Rohrbach, who took me to his house ; and the same evening he found rooms for me.

I came to Berlin in the hope that I would find

a permanent place of some sort there. It was not until years later that I realised how bold, even daring, our enterprise was, for our resources were very slight and would last only a short time. I could point to my successful examinations, and my dissertation in Aristotle, but it was very doubtful whether I would get any attention. However, the first thing to do was to send in my introductions and present myself to the most important personages. I was most anxious about Trendelburg, to whom I was warmly recommended by Teichmüller. But he received me at once in a most friendly, even cordial, manner, went thoroughly with me into my work, and gave me valuable advice about my plans.

Trendelburg was then in the prime of his activity. His literary industry was remarkable, and in his writings he not only expounded an independent philosophy, but clearly and forcibly worked out his relation to other thinkers, such as Hegel and Herbart, who held the highest position at that time. His lectures were well attended; and he was not only a member, but secretary, of the Prussian Academy and one of the chief members of the body of State examiners. It seemed impossible to do anything in Berlin without his aid. He was repeatedly elected Rector and Dean, and he had the high personal regard of King William. A Holsteiner by origin,

he was a good Prussian, and in political and religious matters he was always moderate, though he never failed to sustain his convictions with entire independence. When, through royal influence, he was nominated a member of the first Prussian Synod, he declined the honour with thanks, saying that, though he was a loyal member of the Protestant Church, he did not feel that it was his vocation to join in the framing of ecclesiastical ordinances.

Owing to the mass of work which usually oppresses a Berlin professor, he was prevented from completing the psychology and ethics on which he had long been at work. His Aristotelic exercises aimed at putting his pupils in the way of independent research, and a large number of distinguished statesmen and scholars issued from his school; for instance, the Imperial Chancellor Baron von Hertling, President Porter of Yale University, and the Rumanian Premier Majorescu. His way of treating philosophy kept him in close touch with history, and he was deeply interested in the linguistic side of his studies.

His special theory of movement was not much accepted. He kept too close to Aristotle in his philosophy, and did not fully appreciate the revolution wrought by Kant. Yet his whole personality and aim gave his work an inner warmth and fervour, a spiritual superiority. In virtue

of his universal and ethical outlook he was a teacher of the highest type to more than one generation. The feeling of a later age was unfavourable to him, and underestimated the greatness of what he had done and what he was. Our personal relations soon became most friendly. I used to accompany him on Sunday afternoons, and found it very profitable to me. His family also received me and my mother in the most cordial manner. It gave me the further advantage of meeting many of the greatest savants of Berlin in social gatherings at Trendelburg's house. One night, for instance, there was the following incident. There was a small group consisting chiefly of Trendelburg, Mommsen, and Haupt, and the latter two fell into a dispute as to what class of learned men were the most acute in controversy. Haupt said that beyond question it was the theologians, because there was no limit to zeal and passion when there was question of the salvation of souls. Mommsen listened quietly, and then answered, with his customary smile: "Do you know, my dear colleague, I am personally acquainted with philologists who are more acute than theologians—I have a number of good friends amongst them." Everybody saw, of course, whom the cap fitted. [Kaupt was a philologist.]

During the first winter I heard, besides Trendel-

burg's lectures, various lectures in law and political economy. In addition I was the last member of the pædagogical school, the last pupil of the worthy Boeckh. A certain payment had to be made by the pupils, and I sent mine to him by a servant. He let me know that he wanted me to come alone, and he then spoke to me kindly and impressive words about his own life and the life of men generally. He died a few days later. Boeckh was a thorough Platonist.

In many other quarters I was most amiably received at Berlin, and I was introduced into many types of society. I had, for instance, a very friendly reception from the theologian Dorner, the philologist Kirchhoff, the jurist Rudorff, Councillor of Legation Meyer, and the Köpke family, which brought together a small and lively group every Sunday. My mother also was most kindly received in this circle. In addition I spent much time in the religious-philosophical group which Krause, a man of very pronounced character, held together at Weissensee. We therefore quickly got rid of any feeling that we were foreigners in Berlin.

But I had now to secure an official post, and in this none was more useful to me than the educational Councillor Professor Hoffmann, of whom I have a grateful and cordial memory. He it was who made it possible for me to remain



in Berlin. He considered that teachers of science ought not to confine themselves to pædagogy, but ought to do independent work in science. He thought that pædagogy was enough as far as the lower and middle classes were concerned, but that, if one were to create a full mental life, the teacher must continue his own scientific studies. He controlled the schools of Berlin in that sense.

For a time, however, I was in a precarious situation. The close of the year had come. I had worked hard in it, and had done much. Both the examinations had been successful, and a new career had opened; yet the prospect of the future was dim. The opening of the new year made my mother and myself reflect on this uncertainty. In this anxiety we went to the service in the cathedral on New Year's Eve, and we then awaited the future with deep emotion. January 9th brought us a new development. Councillor Hoffmann sent me word that I was to go on trial to the Sophien Gymnasium. Thus I secured a firm footing in Berlin, and I was to begin at once to receive a certain salary. It was, it is true, a very modest beginning, and it meant the inconvenience of removing. It took fully half an hour to reach my school, and the means of transport were not at that time what they now are. Before, however, we had finished our removal, I received

a new appointment which took me away from Berlin.

Those were good days for young philologists, and within six months I had offered to me three different positions which were in many respects attractive. In the first place the Director of the Prussian Schools at that time, Councillor Wiese, wanted me to act as substitute for an invalid teacher at Stolpe. My companions were not a little astonished when I was summoned to the presence of the head of the Prussian Department of Education. He very kindly offered me the post at Stolpe; and he was considerably annoyed when I gratefully, but firmly, declined it. My friends feared that by this I had gravely injured my prospects, but almost at once I received another message from Wiese. I was to take up a well-paid position as higher teacher at the gymnasium and the secondary school at Husum (in Schleswig).

At first I hardly liked the prospect, and I informed Wiese that I thought I was too young for the post, being yet only a candidate on trial. This did not impress Wiese in the least; it was, he said, laughing, a defect that would grow less every day. I asked for a day to reflect on it. He said that it was quite superfluous, but in the end granted it. So I rushed to my mother and to Trendelburg, and we considered what

I ought to do. My mother was beside herself, as she feared that it meant the wreck of my scientific plans. Trendelburg shared her misgiving, but he finally advised me to accept the appointment. He pointed out that, if I again refused, I should be in an unpleasant position, and it would be very prejudicial for a young man at the beginning of his career. It would be better for me, he said, to go cheerfully to Husum, do good work there, and continue my scientific studies in my leisure. My friends in Berlin would see that I soon came back. I could not but feel the weight of his arguments, and I accepted the appointment. So we had to betake ourselves to a town to which we were wholly indifferent; and the contrast between Husum and Berlin would not be to the advantage of the former.

## CHAPTER V

### EARLY YEARS OF TEACHING

THEODOR STORM has given us a charming picture of Husum, and I was not slow to feel its attractions. The sea lay close at hand, and the quiet magic of the heather encompassed the town. Many a building spoke of the culture of long ago, and the spirit of the inhabitants was beyond question. I was, however, at that time not in the right mood to appreciate these things properly. I particularly missed the forests with which I had been familiar from my earliest years, and the position was not then very pleasant for a Prussian, especially one who came from Berlin. The great political changes in Schleswig-Holstein had just taken place, and little regard had been paid in these to the wishes of the population, who nevertheless were not without a claim to German gratitude. Naturally the people looked upon teachers and officials who came from Berlin as foreigners, and socially took no notice of them.

On the other hand it was a great advantage

to me to find in the director of the school, Gidionsen, a man well disposed to me and highly cultivated in science and art. I owe it chiefly to him that my office brought me as pleasant a position as possible. The main thing was that I took great pleasure in my work, and had excellent pupils, who at once showed a friendly disposition toward me. Many of them were older than myself, and in many respects they resembled the East Frisians. Some of them understood the Frisian tongue, and I never had the least difficulty with them.

The most famous and most important person in the place was, of course, Theodor Storm, but, while I fully appreciate and admire his art, I was never closely acquainted with him. It reminds me of a curious incident which, as far as I know, is not mentioned in any biography of Storm. The poet, who was devoted to music, was conductor of a choral union for men and women, and it was a great success. He detested everything of a Philistine character. He drew up a programme for a concert, which, after a number of serious pieces, was to close with the harmless students' song, "When we were in Regensburg." At the rehearsals, however, the majority of the ladies said that the song was immoral, and refused to go on with it. Storm became very angry. He thought they might trust him not to admit

anything that was unsuitable. The ladies persisted in their refusal; the concert opened; the whole of Husum was on tiptoe to learn how the matter would end. The last piece came on, and —the whole of the ladies left the stage. Storm then got up and said that after such conduct he resigned the leadership of the union. The ladies were obstinate, and they got a man from Berlin to take Storm's place as conductor. As far as I know, however, the man returned to Berlin in a few weeks. Storm's supporters were jubilant. Husum was split into two parties, and in the end the clergy had to intervene. Pastor Caspers, a worthy and much respected man, invited the leaders of the two parties to a friendly meal; the quarrel was adjusted, and Storm remained conductor.

Meantime my philosophic work went on without interruption. My dissertation had to be completed by a study of Aristotle's use of prepositions, in the course of which I succeeded in showing that a certain section of Aristotle's *Metaphysics* was spurious. My work was published by Weidmann in 1868. But I had much other work to do. I drew up the plan of a study of the scientific method of Aristotle's philosophy. I also reflected much on the great problems of my own time, and I still clearly recollect how, during a conversation with my mother, I pointed out the grave dangers

which threatened modern civilisation owing to its intrinsic contradiction. At first, indeed, I was fascinated by my strictly scientific work. This was suspended at times by voyages to Hamburg and its environs, to the hills of East Holstein, and to Lübeck. The remarkable beech-forests and the tranquil lakes of Holstein gave us great pleasure. Lübeck offered us a fine picture of the great past of the old Hansa town, and we were delighted and instructed by its works of art. Then we went to Kiel, which was at that time a comfortable little town. Near the end of our stay in Schleswig we also visited Flensburg and its district. We then suspected that a grave issue would arise there, and that there would be an anxious struggle over its ancient property.

The opening of the year 1869 brought me the long-desired call back to Berlin. From the material point of view the change was no gain, but I could now confidently expect to make progress and follow up my scientific work. At the close of my stay in Husum my teaching was mentioned in very honourable terms by Gidionsen in the school-bulletin.

My second period in Berlin was, naturally, much quieter than the first. I had to get accustomed to my daily work and adjust myself to my new circumstances. Trendelburg received me with all his earlier kindness, and we saw a good

deal of each other. I also began to have pleasant personal relations with Bonitz, whom I had got to know just before I left Berlin for Husum. He at once entrusted to me the reading of the proofs of his large *Index Aristotelicus*, and I derived much advantage from this able, experienced, and kindly scholar. He had formerly been at the head of the Department of Education in Austria, and had come to Berlin to manage the "Graues Kloster." He had therefore accepted an inferior position, and he often told me the reasons for this. He had been much disturbed by the ceaseless struggle of the various nations in regard to the education given in their higher schools. The main question always was how much Tshek, Polish, Slovene, or Italian was to be permitted in the schools, and real education has fallen into the background. Naturally, the distinguished scholar and educationist became tired of this fruitless struggle. Being a North German Protestant, he also had difficulties with the Catholic Church, but he had great tact, and his distinction in pædagogy was recognised by all.

He had, however, some curious experiences. Once he met one of the clergy during a trip to the Semmering. They talked freely, and the priest expressed great concern at the liberal complexion of the school-system. In the end he said: "And the worst of the lot is Bonitz." My friend tried



to persuade him that the state of things was not really so bad, and that possibly even Bonitz had some good in him. The priest only became the more excited, and there was no hope of coming to an understanding. When they reached Vienna, Bonitz handed his card, with a friendly remark to the priest. He continued for some years after that at the head of the Education Department, but his health did not permit him to remain there.

My relations with Wiese also must be recorded here. When I returned from Husum to Berlin, I asked Trendelburg in particular what Wiese thought of my conduct. Trendelburg told me that Wiese was very angry with me, and regarded my action as disloyalty to my profession. At the time it seemed as if he would have nothing further to do with me. Trendelburg thought it advisable that I should see Wiese as soon as possible and explain the reasons of my conduct. He received me very ungraciously, and made it plain that our ways had parted. I heard nothing from him for years; our relations were entirely at an end. At last, after I had published various works on philosophy, I received a most gracious letter from him. He felt compelled to tell me that I had acted rightly when I had chosen my own path, and he wished to express his appreciation of me and offer his best wishes. In

the end, therefore, I parted from him on very good terms.

My official position at the Friedrichs Gymnasium was not so comfortable as that I had had at Husum. I had to take the middle classes, which is no light matter in Berlin; indeed, I did not entirely succeed with them. I liked the work, however, and I was very well received by my colleagues. That was the situation when an older colleague very kindly gave me the following advice. To succeed in Berlin, he said, you must never praise anything, but blame everything; otherwise you were looked upon as old-fashioned and provincial. I followed his advice conscientiously and derived great profit from it.

In 1869 there were in Berlin three things worth seeing: Bismarck, whose greatness was now beyond question; Strousberg, who had a very high position as a railway engineer; and Pastor Knaack, who was the butt of Berlin wit, because, in his antiquated Biblical scheme, he regarded the earth as the centre of the universe. My Uncle Carl, who had still a good deal of the theologian about him, during a short stay in Berlin decided in favour of Knaack, and thought his sermon excellent.

We much enjoyed the surroundings of Berlin. We often went to Potsdam, and were delighted with the lakes there. Tegel was at that time

a quiet place, and impressed one pleasantly as a centre of high culture. We visited Eberswalde and Freienwalde. In fact, we had begun to regard Berlin as our home. In summer we had a trip to Thuringia, and for the first time visited Jena.

From Apolda onward the journey was extremely pleasant. We had come by express as far as Apolda, and there we inquired about the means of getting to Jena. We were told that we need not worry, as travellers were called when the time came. We went by omnibus to the nearest station, Isserstedt; where a pot of Lichtenhain beer was handed, without a word, to each passenger in the coach. From there we descended along the pleasant valley to Jena. The town had at that time only about nine thousand inhabitants, and had no factories. Everything in the place was arranged quietly in the service of intellectual life, and was consecrated by a great past. The Paradies was not yet broken up, and the gardens had a magnificent display of roses. One felt decidedly that this was a good place to live in. We took a whole day to see the Fuchsturm and the forest, and found everything very rural and pleasant. Unfortunately, I had no chance of visiting the chief ornament of the university at that time, Kuno Fischer, and in later years I was kept away from him by the heated controversy he

had with Trendelburg; but in the end we had some friendly correspondence.

The next morning we started from the old Post House for the valley of the Saale. There was no talk of a railway at that time. We set out at seven in the morning, our only fellow-passengers being two gentlemen. All of us enjoyed the sight of the Leuchtenburg, which was the chief feature of the scenery for a long distance. At Kahla we took breakfast; and then we continued through Rudolstadt and the Schwarzatal to Schwarzburg. How we loved the sharp contrast between the life of Berlin and our stay in the Weiss Hirsch, where at night whole herds of deer came to drink, and not a sound disturbed the tranquillity of the place! Trippstein also gave us great pleasure. I had some conversation there with a man who had spent several years in America. He said that while he was abroad he had reflected much on the scenery of Germany, and it was Trippstein and its prospect which always came into his mind. We continued our journey through Thuringia and Franken, and over the Fichtelgebirge, and at last passed through Leipzig and reached Berlin.

We had now to face another change in our circumstances. Before we had set out on our holiday I had received a visit from the director of the Frankfort Gymnasium, Mommsen, a brother

of Theoder Mommsen. He told me that he was looking round for a suitable person for a position in Frankfort, and that, amongst others, he would like to know me. But nothing was arranged, and I had dismissed the matter from my mind. Suddenly, however, I received a telegram offering<sup>2</sup> me a post of distinction and profit at Frankfort. I was to succeed Professor Baumann, who was called to Göttingen, in charge of the second form.

Naturally we did not take long to make up our minds. The ancient city of the Emperors, with its beautiful surroundings and its rich and ancient culture, attracted us very strongly. Frankfort itself was not at the time in good spirits. In the war of 1866 the city had been very badly treated, almost treated as a hostile country. There was an improvement presently, but the Frankforters could not easily forget their independence. In the autumn of 1869 it was easy to get a comfortable lodging, and we were soon installed. At that time the city had scarcely any factories. The general impression it gave one was of a refined, cultivated, cheerful life. The number of the inhabitants was about eighty thousand. Besides visiting the many science and art exhibitions, one could have excursions to Homburg, Wiesbaden, Mainz, the Rhine, Heidelberg, and so on. One could revel in the beauty of nature. Every day we went to the large

Stadtwald, a restful place at that time, and not overrun by visitors.

The scene of my labours was the old gymnasium, situated in a narrow street, of which two fine schools have since been made. The number of pupils was comparatively small—only about two hundred and fifty, or far less than there were at the Realgymnasium, or Model School. Native Frankforters only sent their sons to the gymnasium if it was intended that they should go to the university, and these were particularly alert and worthy people. They have furnished many distinguished men who have been an ornament to the whole life of Germany.

At that time there was a great zeal for science, and the general disposition of the people was fresh and pleasant. As regards my own position and work, Mommsen, being the Director, was the first in importance. He was a man of universal culture, of great force as an educator, and of remarkable power of work. He had been ejected by the Danes in 1848 from his official position at Husum, and had then taught in secondary schools at two places until he had reached Frankfort. Here he had much to do. There had hitherto been an easy, in fact lax, state of things. The students had been allowed liberties that were not consistent with proper discipline, and it was very necessary to restore order. Naturally many

of the pupils and their parents took this amiss, and there was friction at first. In time, however, the Frankforters saw what a fine master they had, as was evidenced by the recent unanimous and grateful commemoration of his memory. It was indeed a great gain to the school to have a severely scientific spirit introduced into all its branches, though Mommsen was ready enough to maintain the freer traditions of Frankfort against the Prussian bureaucracy. There were, for instance, certain days on which each of the students was at liberty to follow his own hobbies. There was not the customary examination on leaving. The young men could themselves choose a leading theme for the whole year, and the teachers would then examine it. Everything combined to keep the pupils on the way to form independent minds, and much was done that would be worth considering to-day. There is a great need for a larger freedom and individual development.

There were also some distinguished men amongst my colleagues, Creizenach was above all the others in mental power and oratorical gifts. No celebration of any kind, local or national, occurred without his being called upon as the leading speaker, and he especially promoted the literary life of the school. Another of my colleagues was destined to be much on the lips of the public later: the Catholic historian Jannsen. His

particular task was to instruct Catholic youths in religion and history, and at that time we found no difficulty in this. He was esteemed everywhere for his scientific ability and his genial sense of humour. Being Low German myself, I soon became attached to him, and I often discussed problems of the hour with him. At first he opposed the doctrine of infallibility, and spoke in very appreciative terms of Döllinger, but he submitted afterwards. He told me that he did so from a sense of his duty as a Catholic; that he did not understand the ways of Providence, but it was a sacred duty to submit to anything that the Church declared true. I was on very good terms with the Catholic scholars and teachers, and it gave me great distress that Professor Wedewer, the head of the higher Catholic school, died prematurely. In later years I have learned that moderate Catholics were very amiably disposed, not merely to me personally, but to my philosophical work. My own attitude toward problems was free of all sectarian narrowness. I have always recognised what is great, even indispensable, in Catholicism, without ever abandoning anything of my own broader philosophic and Protestant convictions. Mutual tolerance is the wisest policy in life.

We had many friendly acquaintances and experiences apart from the college of teachers.



I recall, for instance, the talented Lucae, who gave me elementary lessons in anatomy, and took a sympathetic interest in my philosophic problems. We were also friendly with the family of the famous naturalist Schleiden, and we joined them in many an excursion. Schleiden was an eminent and stimulating man. He was a good artist, and he told us much about Dorpat and Jena. He had a strong feeling for the young and for the age in which he lived. His leading position in modern botany is part of the fame of Jena.

In the year 1870 we were much occupied with a long trip to our home in East Friesland, to see our relatives and friends. We could look back with entire satisfaction on the years that had passed, and it would give us pleasure to recount our experiences to our friends. Our journey through life together had been something of a speculation, but the speculation had succeeded. All our cares had disappeared. Life opened out a clear prospect before our eyes.

We set out on the journey with little concern about the war that was threatened. Everybody confidently trusted that the ability of our statesmen, especially Bismarck, would succeed in preventing war. So we set out at the beginning of July, first for Cassel, in order to inspect the works that had been built there. At Hanover we visited

some of my mother's early friends, and we then continued our journey, through Oldenburg, to East Friesland, which was now connected by rail. My mother's memories grew fresher every day.

Meantime, however, the situation had become much more threatening. When we reached Esens it was clear that war was inevitable: at Aurich we heard of the declaration. Yet in spite of the gravity of the situation we felt all the firmness and confidence of the Prussian character. All lights were at once extinguished on the coast, so that enemy warships would come to grief. As far as we were concerned, it was necessary to abandon the holiday, and find our way back to Frankfort in whatever manner we could. We succeeded, with great difficulty, in getting by Emden and Hamm to Cologne. Next morning we had unforgettable impressions of the cathedral, which was crowded with people taking part in the services. All differences of sect disappeared in face of the common national task.

When we were back in Frankfort, we could watch from the windows of our lodging the endless military trains bearing men to the war. Our younger pupils toiled day and night in the service of the troops. The war was regarded as a very serious task, and few imagined that it would be over so soon. As is known, the French at first spread exaggerated reports of victories, but we

presently heard of Wörth and other battles, the news being announced from the pulpits in the churches. There were then a few anxious and expectant days about Metz, until at last it was clear that things were going in our favour. We heard, it is true, of the frightful losses which were the price of victory, but men were intent upon good news, and in the end came the story of Sedan, which passed all expectations. Amongst the young, especially, the announcement that Napoleon had been taken provoked a storm of rejoicing. Everybody then looked for a speedy end of the war. As is known, it lasted much longer, and was not without vicissitudes. People became impatient, not understanding why the siege of Paris dragged out so long. At last come the news of the heroic deeds of Werder, and Paris had to yield. As regards the conditions of peace, there had been little thought of Alsace before the war began. We were reconciled to the loss. But when the fire of the conflict flamed out, there arose a general demand that we should bring back to Germany provinces which had remained German at heart.

I had meantime quietly pursued my scientific work, and I expected soon to complete my essay on Aristotle's method. At this point my life was orientated afresh. I received an invitation to Basle: a quite unexpected offer. It is true that

I had noticed that the Basle University list of professors did not contain the name of Teichmüller, but I had heard nothing of a transfer, and had supposed that he had asked leave of absence. One morning, however, a servant handed me a letter written by Teichmüller in Frankfort, and he asked me to see him at once. I now learned that he was going to Dorpat for domestic reasons, and because he expected to find there a large educational opportunity. He added that the Basle authorities were seriously thinking of inviting me to succeed him. I had only to send to them the small works I had already written and express my willingness to consider the matter.

Very soon afterwards the head of the Basle University, Councillor Professor Vischer, came to see me, and the matter was quickly and most agreeably arranged. Thus at the age of twenty-five I obtained a good position as ordinary professor of philosophy and pædagogy. The Frankforters regretted my departure in moving terms. Teachers and pupils expressed their high appreciation of me, and the civic authorities did everything they could to retain me, though everybody really understood that it was impossible for me to decline a call to a university. I parted from Frankfort, therefore, in high spirits, and with a grateful heart. I still keep up some correspon-

## EARLY YEARS OF TEACHING 101

dence with my pupils there, and I took a deep interest in the celebration of the fourth centenary of my old gymnasium. They gave me great pleasure by inviting me to speak at the festival, but heavy scientific work prevented me from going.

## CHAPTER VI

### I BECOME PROFESSOR

THE removal to Basle was not easy. We had to sacrifice much that had become a pleasant habit to us, and to part from many dear friends. We had, further, great difficulty in finding a suitable house at Basle, and it was not until after six months that we succeeded. Then there was trouble about our furniture. The van that contained it was very much delayed, and we impatiently awaited it day after day. At last everything was settled, and we began to feel comfortable in Basle.

The university was at that time very small (150 to 160 students), but it had a large number of distinguished teachers. There was, for instance, Councillor Vischer himself, who had a high reputation for research in connection with classical antiquities, and was a member of several foreign academies. Then there were Jacob Burckhardt, who was in his prime at that time, the profound and gifted Steffensen, the theo-

logians Hagenbach, Schultz, and von der Goltz, the jurist A. Heussler, the scientific men Rütimeyer and Schwendener, the medical professor His, the political economist Julius Neumann, and finally Nietzsche.

Soon after Councillor Vischer invited me to Basle I heard the details of the invitation of Nietzsche. Vischer visited Ritschl in Leipzig, to ask about a young philologist for the university. Ritschl mentioned several names, and in the end he said: "We have one young philologist who is far abler than the others, but he has not yet taken a degree." Vischer replied: "That does not matter if the man is really so able." Ritschl assured him emphatically that this was so, and Nietzsche was invited to Basle. Vischer told me that they were very pleased in Basle to have so distinguished a man at the university. Closely connected with the university was Councillor Gelzer, who was believed to have great political influence, and who was everywhere esteemed for his marked and widely-cultivated personality.

I began my lectures at once; naturally, with a very small audience at first. My first series dealt with the history and scheme of pædagogics, and the lectures were marred by the usual mistake of introducing far too much matter. I also at once instituted Aristotelic exercises, and put

a number of very good students through the "Ethics." In the next term the number of my hearers rose to forty.

The social world of Basle was very pleasant, and we entered into many warm friendships with my German colleagues and with the townsfolk. At that time Basle was dominated by a cultivated aristocracy which had a close affinity with the German character. For several centuries this aristocracy had produced distinguished men, and it had a religious element which gave it solidity, yet was not narrow or fanatical. There was also a strong feeling for art, both the plastic arts and music; and there was an unrestricted willingness to make sacrifices for the common good, so that the public services were excellent. Basle was, in fact, a high cultural centre of an independent character. Socially, however, the tone was very friendly and engaging. I was repeatedly assured that the people felt themselves closely akin to the North Germans, and particularly to the inhabitants of the coast; more akin than to the talkative central Germans or the self-conscious Berliners. That my mother liked the situation, and profited herself by it, need hardly be said.

But I had a deep sorrow and pain at that time in hearing of the unexpected death of Trendelburg. He had had a slight apoplectic stroke in 1870, which was attributed by all his



friends to his enormous industry, but <sup>it</sup> was hoped that the loving care of his family would entirely restore him. He asked and received a long leave of absence in order to rest in the grand solitudes of the Alps, and it looked as if he could, with prudence, renew his academic work. I corresponded a good deal with him in those days, and kept him informed about current scientific matters. He was in the middle of a trying scientific controversy with Kuno Fischer, chiefly in connection with the treatment of Kant, though it showed in a general way the very different mental outlook of the two thinkers. Trendelburg thought Fischer's philosophic system very able, but too subjective, and he always spoke in high terms of his power as a speaker. This controversy had no effect on Trendelburg's health, as is affirmed sometimes. He did not take the matter so seriously as that.

At the beginning of 1872 I heard from a colleague at Berlin that Trendelburg was much worse, and shortly afterwards I heard that he was dead. In him I lost, not only a thinker of somewhat similar mind, but a fatherly friend who had always sought to confirm me in my own way of thinking, and who did not in the least aspire to the position of head of a school. Through him also I obtained a good standing

in academic circles. Lenz has given us a fine portrait of him in the publications of the Prussian Academy, but it, unfortunately, does not do justice to his scientific importance and to the nobility of his personality. It is correct as far as it goes, but the portrait lacks the inner unity and warmth of the man. I have myself often written on Trendelburg and his scientific position.

Apart from this painful experience I seemed to have reached the height of life at Basle. My scientific career had taken an extraordinarily good turn. Pleasant, even important, positions had been offered me in quick succession. I had escaped the labours and dangers of a tutor [*Privatdozent*], and had found a good place that fulfilled all my wishes and absorbed all my strength. I often said, in joke, at that time that in my achievements I had counted in too early numbers, and I was bound to justify such anticipatory conduct by my deeds. Trendelburg, however, congratulated me in a cordial letter. "May you still have leisure," he said. "Leisure in your years means a wealth of possibilities."

I had succeeded beyond all expectation. Even from the domestic point of view, all was well. We had rented a very nice house, the garden of which, to my mother's great joy, ran directly to the Rhine; and I had to make my way every day to the university over the old bridge,

which affords a glorious prospect of the lofty cathedral. Yet just at this time, when all seemed so prosperous, there threatened a danger which, light as it seemed at first, soon became grave: a danger to the health and life of my mother.

My mother was delicate, but elastic and of great strength of will, and she had borne well the trouble of the two removals. We had taken several short holidays together, one especially, before the winter came on, in which we had enjoyed a glorious view of the Alps on the Frohburg, all the great peaks standing out clearly above the mist. We had also, with the family of my friend the philosopher Sengler, of Freiburg, made a trip, on May 10, 1872, to the beautiful Höllental. We hoped to recover our full strength by a stay on the Stoos. A few days after we started, however, my mother became much worse. She felt very low and tired, though she had no distinct pain; and it is clear that she already believed she was going to die soon. One morning she came into the common breakfast-room in a cheerful mood, and told me that she had at last had in a dream a perfectly clear picture of her younger son, which she had never had before. She made no further complaint, however, and she lived to see me receive my first book on Aristotle's method, with the payment for it, from the firm of Weidmann. After that

she sank rapidly, and she died, without any severe struggle, on May 31st. The medical man, Professor Miescher, then told me that her death was really a blessing, as she had already developed cancer, from which there was not the least hope of recovery.

I cannot tell in words what the loss of my mother meant to me, yet, in all my pain, I had to recognise that she had had a life inwardly rich and noble. Her early years had been quiet and happy. Her marriage had been congenial, though for ten years it had borne no children. Then the birth of two children had enriched her life. Hardly had she reached this, however, when care and sorrow multiplied. She lost in quick succession her handsome boy and her beloved husband, and was thrown entirely upon her own strength. She now bestowed all her efforts upon securing for me the full development of my powers and overcoming all difficulties. In that she completely succeeded, and she must have regarded her success with great joy and thankfulness. When I came home after delivering my initiation-speech at Basle, I found her, deeply agitated, in tears of joy. Her work was over, and she had no further desire of life. But I had now to wander many years alone.

The unexpected grief was bound to affect me very seriously and make an essential difference

in my position. The loss of a mother is terrible to every man: to me it was an exceptionally severe stroke. Not only was I inexperienced in practical matters, and accustomed to rely on her wise and kindly help, but I had had the habit of telling my mother my scientific plans and discussing them with her. The gap in my life therefore deeply pained me, and at first it was as much as I could do to discharge my daily task. It is a blessing for the man who holds an official position that he cannot give himself entirely to his own feelings, but has the duties of his office to fulfil. For a time I lost entirely even my old joy in nature, so that the Alps themselves did not charm me. I was for weeks in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, yet never went up the Rigi.

At the same time there was a profound alteration in my scientific position, though this was not without long preparation. I had from the first sought to devote myself chiefly to the great vital problems of philosophy. Aristotle was, in everything that I got from him, only a bridge leading to further efforts. In my mind there was not entire harmony between my work and my thoughts. My work was chiefly related to Aristotle, and I could not take it amiss if I were, in the usual German way, ranged in the category of Aristotelians. Yet my own thoughts

inclined me more toward Plato; in which I differed from Trendelburg. My work on the method of the Aristotelic philosophy was, on the one hand, a full appreciation of the great thinker; but it was also a critical appreciation.<sup>1</sup>

At that time a number of publishers requested me to undertake works on Aristotle, but I declined with thanks. My mind was already decisively turned to systematic philosophy, and the subject of my next book was quite clear. I intended to write on "the metaphysical assumptions of ethics." I still have various sketches of such a work. I wished to inquire what conceptions of metaphysics were reconcilable with an ethic, and proposed to do it on analytic lines. But my academic lectures had to deal mainly with questions of modern philosophy

<sup>1</sup> I must admit, however, that while the course of my own development carried me away from Aristotle in many respects, I am permanently grateful for his profound influence on me. F. A. Lange has dwelt at length in his famous *History of Materialism* with my book. His attitude toward Aristotle is different from mine, but he has appreciated my research. He says (note 49): "In this little book, which shows great conscientiousness and thorough knowledge, we have a brilliant confirmation of the view we have often expressed, that the Neo-Aristotelic school started by Trendelburg must in the end help to liberate us entirely from Aristotle. In Eucken's case philosophy means Aristotle's philology: though a thorough and objective philology. The defects of Aristotle's method are nowhere else so clearly and thoroughly exposed." Lehrs spoke very appreciatively about my book, and the first friendly letter I had about it was from Zeller.

and treat them from an independent point of view.

My grave loss now dragged me entirely out of the conventional frame of mind, and I wondered whether I ought not to abandon my academic career. I very seriously considered whether I ought not to devote myself chiefly to social problems, and seek some connection—of a free character—with Socialism. Such questions had engaged my attention from very early years. I read and reflected much on them, and they seemed to me to be intimately connected with the much-needed inner renovation of mankind which always held the first place in my mind. Very soon, however, I saw that it was impossible to do this; I was repelled by the flatly negative and Positivist tendency of the Socialist leaders. To follow in the steps of Feuerbach and Marx was for me a psychic and scientific impossibility.

I remained therefore where I was; but I thought it necessary, in order to overcome my mood of lassitude, to divert my mind to some entirely different line of thought, which should harmonise with my feelings and at the same time stimulate me. For this purpose I, in the winter of 1872, read through a number of the Fathers of the Church in a connected series, and familiarised myself with their mental world. Their particular doctrines did not concern me much;

it was their fundamental attitude to life that fascinated and helped me. I am thinking especially of the works of Gregory of Nyssa and the speculative writings of Augustine. I made use of my studies afterwards in my *Views of Great Thinkers*. For a time my philosophical work consisted only of preparations.

Meantime I had settled down more and more in Basle and had won many friends. Very useful to me was the fellowship of mind which I discovered in the noble and gifted Steffensen, and the friendly intercourse I had from the first with the distinguished political economist Julius Neumann. I was particularly intimate with the ecclesiastical historian Rudolph Stäbelin. To depth of thought and spiritual warmth he added a very comprehensive outlook, an open mind for all human things and for nature, the gift of acute observation, and a sparkling wit. It was a great gain to me to have him for an intimate friend. Unhappily, he was prematurely taken from us (1900). In the summer of 1873 I spent a most enjoyable and beneficial time with him and his family in the Bernese Oberland, not far from the splendour of the Alps (at Beatenberg), and my joy in nature awoke again.

I had many other friends amongst the Swiss. I recall with particular pleasure the days I spent taking part in the theological examinations at



Zurich. I found myself in a circle of experienced and sympathetic men, under the able leadership of the talented Antistes Finsler.

Just, however, when I felt myself taking firm root in Switzerland, I received, about Christmas time, 1873, a telegram from Seebeck, the Curator of Jena University, saying that he wished to see me. I could guess what the visit meant, and I had time enough during the next twenty-four hours to reflect whether I should stay permanently in Switzerland or return to Germany. There was much to keep me in Switzerland, especially at Basle. The glorious scenery, the fine and friendly character of the people, the solidity of disposition, which had much in common with the Frisian temperament, appealed strongly to me. In addition, there was at that time a project of a Federal University, which would afford a wider field for scientific work.

But I quickly decided in favour of Germany and Jena. I was still too young to set a definitive course to my career; nor could I doubt that, as long as I remained under the influence of my grievous loss, I would never recover the full freshness and strength of my powers. Removal to another place promised to assist my efforts, and I could not desire for philosophic work any better place than Jena, with its great tradition reaching as far as Kuno Fischer. I

therefore decided to meet Seebeck in a receptive mood.

He made a deep impression on me from the first moment. He had a remarkable spiritual breadth, a great gift of expression and stimulating conversation, and an unmistakable kindness and refinement of disposition. He described the situation at Jena in very attractive terms. The extrinsic difficulties were quickly overcome, the sanction of the Government secured, and I found myself a Jena man. Yet the separation from Basle was heavy. I received many tokens of cordial esteem, and I look back always on that period of my life with deep gratitude. My removal was, thanks to friends, effected without difficulty. I was, and am, myself very unsafe in these practical matters, and it was almost a miracle that everything went so well. Before I began my work, I made a short visit to Jena, to search for a house. Even there it was extraordinarily difficult to find one; and it was not until a year and a half afterwards that I secured one, fairly exposed, that met my wishes. It led directly into a pretty garden, and from that into what was called the Paradies.

# PART II



## CHAPTER VII

### THE BEGINNING AT JENA

THE general situation of Jena need not be described at any length. The town was still small, and free from manufactures; and it had not more than nine thousand inhabitants. There was no railway until 1874, and this was a small line which did not go as far as the Thuringian Forest. The scenery had all its old magic; and it was a joy to me to reflect that my mother and I had visited the chief part of the district together.

There was a fresh, aspiring life about me in Jena. Quite a number of famous scholars worked there in the height of their power, and they founded the *Jenaische Literaturzeitung* with the intention of forming a new centre of intellectual life. My material life was simple, but satisfactory and pleasant. Jena still felt the after-effect of the classical period, and the firm of Frommann, which was so closely associated with it, was still in existence. I was deeply moved one day to find myself introduced, at a small lunch-party, to

a grandson of Goethe. The great poet was, of course, the main theme of conversation. Many had known the poet personally, and could tell me interesting details about him. A great range was covered by the memory of the orientalist Stickel, who as a child, after the October days in 1813, had witnessed the flight of Napoleon in the dead of night. He could tell Bismarck in 1892, when that statesman was in Jena, that he had seen the greatest commander, the greatest poet, and now the greatest statesman, of the century. It is well known how Goethe rejoiced in Jena and its scenery, and said that he had never spent one unproductive moment in it.

Seebeck's house was the centre of social and intellectual life. The mental strength of the husband was finely associated with the social talent of his wife, a daughter of the former General and Chief of Staff von Krauseneck. Seebeck lived wholly in the classical period, with which, being a son of the famous physicist, he was united by many personal recollections. Life had imposed upon him many and high tasks, which he had well discharged; and now he held the position of Curator of the University—a position of great importance on account of the co-operation of various States—and had a work that harmonised fully with his powers and wishes. He was in substance a follower of Hegel, though in a free and liberal

way, as his main thought was always for the reality and its requirements. He disliked partisanship, and entirely suppressed his personal sympathies and antipathies. In this way he rendered very high service to Jena University, which was the centre of his thoughts, and secured a large number of distinguished men for it. He was an intimate friend of many of them. He and his accomplished wife gathered about them a fine and animated circle which seemed to be an after-glow of the Goethe world. Every lower sentiment was banished from it. It was in this circle that I afterwards met the companion of my life.<sup>1</sup>

Amongst the professors at that time were many distinguished and sympathetic men, some of whom are now known far beyond Jena, and even outside Germany. Haeckel was in the prime of his creative work. Already he provoked a good deal of controversy, but even those who did not share his ideas had to recognise unreservedly his great scientific and artistic powers. He was full of gratitude to Jena, and was a man of great unselfishness. He declined many a brilliant call to other places in order to be able to continue his work freely in Jena. Seebeck himself humorously said to Haeckel: "You must remain at Jena, for you do least harm here."

<sup>1</sup> I have given a portrait of Seebeck in my *Collected Essays*. Kuno Fischer also has written a good deal about him in his *Recollections of Moritz Seebeck* (1886).

The theologians were at that time amongst the leading professors. Each of them had his own shades of personal thought in addition to the common ground of doctrine. Hase was then about seventy-four years old, yet he continued for several years to lecture with great freshness and work untiringly at literary production. He had a most winning manner of addressing men and recognising the characteristics of each. With the young he had warm and friendly sympathy. His nature was sometimes underestimated by strangers, who did not sufficiently appreciate the inner warmth of his character. To his pupils he was a kindly and helpful counsellor; and I had experience myself, when I once had a serious attack of typhus in Rome, how tenderly he cared for his friends. No one then offered his services more cordially than Hase. But of the theological faculty it was chiefly Pfleiderer who won the young by the warmth of his character and the freshness of his work. Lipsius was remarkable for the critical acuteness of his thought and his astonishing knowledge of history, in which he far surpassed Pfleiderer.

The ornament of our own faculty was Hildebrand, who drew the most brilliant of our younger political economists, and took a deep interest in philosophy from the ethical side. We had also a very able and stimulating thinker in the historian



Adolph Schmidt, who had been a member of the Frankfort Parliament in 1848, and was a member of the Reichstag from 1872 to 1876. My relations with my colleagues were very pleasant. I found in Fortlage a loyal and fine-minded colleague who had considerable influence in small groups. Stoy, again, whose wonderful eyes already fascinated, worked indefatigably and with youthful enthusiasm. I had also very friendly relations with Gustav Richter, afterwards director of a gymnasium.

Owing to the quiet position of Jena many of my older colleagues seemed to have lost touch, to some extent, with the world, and they did not take very well to modern innovations. Numbers of little anecdotes were told about this. The following story will show how they used to think about distances in those days. Fortlage had been a tutor at Heidelberg, and he had married a lady of Schleswig, where the ceremony took place. The officiating clergyman had thought it necessary to assure the bride that she might look with confidence to her future, as there was the same God in Heidelberg as in Schleswig!

The students were not then very numerous. It was considered quite extraordinary when, in the summer-term of 1874, the number rose to five hundred. After that there was a long period of stagnation, and then the university began a

steady advance. During all this time I found mixing with the students and working with them a great help to me. Schleiden had told me a good deal about the Jena students before I went there. They have, traditionally, a strong sense of humour, and their high spirits would occasionally pass the bounds; but at heart they are good fellows, industrious and attached to their teachers. During the whole long period of my work I have never had any difficulties or unpleasantness with them; and they have often honoured me with torchlight-processions, drawing my carriage, and so on. It was one advantage of the university that, in spite of its modest size, it was by no means provincial. Students came from all parts of Germany and abroad, and the teachers had the satisfaction of seeing their ideas carried far and wide. Moreover, it was well for the inner life of Germany that students from the north should mix intimately with Thuringians and supplement each other's characters.

Jena cannot be mentioned without recalling Weimar. It is, of course, a long time since "Weimar and Jena formed one great town" under the rule of letters. In the course of the nineteenth century the relations between the two towns became less intimate. Science and art went their own ways. In the main it was really the Court and its invitations which had taken

the professors to Weimar, and, though these invitations continued to reach us, they did not lead to any intimacies. The Grand Duke Carl Alexander, however, used, during his stay in Jena, to summon a small group of professors to visit him. The most difficult and delicate questions were then quite openly discussed, for the Prince was glad to inform himself in this way about questions of the hour. At Weimar the tone was not so free, but the conversation was not without importance. Our relations with the other Courts which had an interest in the university were restricted to large family parties, but even in these care was taken to rely on the co-operation of the academic world. The university was not treated as a part of the administrative organism, but as an independent corporation.

The relation of the Weimar Court to Jena had been more intimate in earlier years than it was in my time. It was now easier to get on without the learned men of Jena; and the professors themselves took more interest in the general life of Germany than in the affairs of the small Duchy of Weimar.

After my return from Switzerland I found German life in a peculiar condition. A great military victory had been won, and the strength and ability of a great statesman seemed to have delivered the country from every peril. But within

itself there were menacing developments, though they were slow to enter into the public mind. One could, at least, recognise a pronounced narrowness: a political development, on the one hand, which made the Government the centre of gravity of all action and gave little play to the independence of the people, and, on the other hand, a rapid evolution of economic interests, which assumed an ever-increasing importance. Great things were done on both sides, but life was wholly taken up with these enterprises. There was no common goal for the whole of human nature, no inner exaltation, no clear understanding of the problems and conflicts of modern life. The main feature of the times was an unrestricted affirmation of life. Material existence increasingly absorbed all the available energy, and there was an unmistakable insincerity in the general profession of a belief in a spiritual world and a religion of a Christian complexion.

This gave rise to a kind of cultural activity that wrought much, and improved much, within its own limits, but which, in its successes, forgot the soul of man. It seemed a paradox that the nation continued to speak of itself as a nation of thinkers and poets, when it showed no inner impulse directing it to either art, religion, or philosophy. This was the age which Nietzsche had so much reason to scourge. At first, however,

he poured his diatribes into deaf ears. Not one of his works went to a second edition before his unfortunate illness befell him. He was for a long time a preacher in the wilderness. It was only just before or about 1890 that there was the revolution of feeling of which I will speak later. In sum, though on the surface all seemed well, it was impossible not to notice a marked externalisation and emptiness of life.

This condition was very adverse to the progress of philosophy. We had on one side the adherents of the older idealism and on the other the realists and Positivists. The idealists clung to the fundamental belief in an independent spiritual world, but wished to tone down the dogmatism of the speculative systems, to prune their excessive luxuriance of ideas, to give more weight to experience in nature and human life, and to appreciate more carefully and impartially the contents of history. In this way they infused more caution and reserve into philosophy. Yet, valuable as the results were, they did not yield an independent view of life, or afford such new direction as our distracted and fermenting age required. This sort of idealism was rather a reaction against the prevalent realism, a clinging to inherited ideals, than an original creation out of the whole, an inauguration of new paths in the historical situation of the present time.

One could therefore quite understand the victorious progress of Positivism. It took its stand exclusively on the kind of existence given in experience, and did not acknowledge an independent world of action. It set aside the problem of existence as insoluble by man, and, in the shape of "scientific" philosophy, tried to divest itself of all metaphysics. Philosophy, in fact, chiefly meant for it a systematic arrangement of the particular sciences. Beyond question both its critical examination of the inherited mass of ideas and its direct grasping of the breadth of reality brought much under reconsideration; but its attempt to proceed from without to within, and to dissolve the whole of reality into a network of relations, and therefore into a purely external world, could not possibly meet the needs of the German mind. It is no matter of chance that great Positivists have arisen in France and England, but not in Germany.

Still less could a popular materialistic philosophy like that of Haeckel and the Monists satisfy the depth of the German mind. The sincerity of these popular thinkers is unquestionable. They believed that by illuminating the reason they could free human life from error and illusion, but they did not see the great void that remained after this was done. Their enterprise would, however, not have had such success with the

masses, had not German life generally been devoid of any firm and elevating purpose. The average mental content was a mixture of intellectualism and naturalism, without any spiritual depth. Later ages will wonder how it was possible for a nation that had produced men like Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel, to wander so far from all good minds and even boast of its poverty. Our civilisation had all the advantages, and all the limitations, of a merely active civilisation. We were great workers, but we were superficial men.

This situation gave me much distress and concern, and made a problem of my whole activity. I had in the first place to recognise that the rapid succession of appointments which I had had was a serious menace to my inner development. In a few years I had undertaken very diverse tasks and received very varied impressions. While I had been able to pursue uninterruptedly my studies of Aristotle, I had not had enough repose for my own philosophical development, and the concentration of my powers was impossible. I had now excellent extrinsic conditions for creative work, and my task was to form my own system of thought independently of Aristotle.

In this I succeeded very slowly and with great trouble. Certain points seemed to me clear. I must put spiritual life above nature without contesting the rights of the latter. It seemed

to me impossible to admit a Monistic co-operation of the two worlds. I conceived the spiritual life as essentially ethical, in the broader sense, not intellectualistic. I have always regarded intellectualism as an impoverishment of life, yet fully recognised the importance of conceptual activity. I sought a close connection with history, but how to establish it in detail raised many questions. The profound darkness of the world had been much in my mind from my youth onward, yet I saw not how my thoughts were to be adjusted to it. Speculative philosophy of the Hegelian kind seemed to me to be an overstraining of the human faculty, yet I had no sufficiently clear idea of the relation of the world to man. Thus I remained at first a seeker.

On the other hand, I could not remain inactive, but was urgently pressed onward in my search. At first I sought rest and satisfaction in works which were closely related to philosophical problems, yet did not imply any definite position of my own. The issue of this was my *Fundamental Ideas of the Present Day* (1878), which was intended to bring about a connection between history and criticism. There were many stimulating thoughts in it, and much severe criticism of contemporary movements, but it lacked a satisfactory positive conception. My intimate friends, such as Reuter and Seebeck, were not



satisfied; and in later editions I have given a more positive turn to the work and further developed my own position. The second edition itself (1893) was very considerably modified, the historical references being more strictly confined to what was required in order to understand the present. The modern part was more carefully and clearly elaborated, and, finally, I came to a very definite position in my own views. Thus in the second edition the whole work shifts from the province of history to that of philosophy. With all its faults, however, the first edition had many friends, and in 1880 it was, at the suggestion of President Noah Porter, translated into English by Professor Stuart Phelps. That was my first intellectual contact with America.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Porter's biography appeared in 1893 (*Noah Porter: a Memorial by Friends*, edited by George McWilliam. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, iv, 306). He belonged to the older generation, which had strong affinities with the mental life of Germany, having been especially attracted to it by the influence of Coleridge. He was in Berlin in the winter of 1853-1854, and was often at Trendelburg's house. He strongly pleaded for the need of making a thorough study of the terminology and the ideas of German philosophy. In his introduction to the American version of my work he spoke of it very appreciatively: "To the history and criticism of those conceptions, and their terminology, Professor Eucken has brought thorough and careful reading, acute and candid criticism, and a clear and solid style. While he is at home among the systems of the past, he seems equally familiar with the controversies of the present. Above all, he has studied brevity, and has mastered the art of expressing in few words the results of patient research

It has often been suggested to me that I ought to detach the historical contents of the work from all philosophical criticism and so make of it a useful manual that would satisfy all schools. I have not been able to adopt that view. In order to bring out clearly the fundamental idea, the title has been changed, from the third edition (1904), to that which I have given. It is now in its sixth edition.

This work was followed immediately by my *Sketch of the History of Philosophical Terminology*, (1879). It was based upon exhaustive studies of the history of concepts. At the time I had some design of writing a complete history of the chief philosophical conceptions, and the above work is an incidental product of the larger plan.

I was quite conscious of the limitations of such a work, and felt that it could only be of use as an introduction and stimulation. Since then the interest in philosophical terminology has increased considerably, and some valuable works on it have appeared; but a full realisation of the task is beyond the power of a single individual. It is a work for some academy to take up: a work that can only be accomplished by the co-operation of all civilised nations. I have repeatedly urged this. For my part I have, in the development of

and critical discrimination." In Germany the book took fifteen years to reach a second edition.

my philosophic ideas, not been able to follow these problems further, and I have destroyed what I might have contributed to such a comprehensive history of concepts. It had no value for any other person, and I was myself now entirely absorbed in the elaboration of my ideas. My studies in terminology, however, helped materially to make me clearer.<sup>1</sup>

I cannot recall this time of search and vacillation without recording that many good men took a friendly interest in my labours. These were, on the whole, members of the last generation, who

<sup>1</sup> My sketch of philosophical terminology is mainly a work of erudition, but it embodies certain philosophical convictions. For instance, on page 217, I write: "The study of terminology may help to put problems in their proper place, and prevent superfluous controversy and the distraction of effort. My work may help to bring about a concentration of the controversy upon decisive points; but it will rather intensify than diminish the controversy itself."

As to the relation of the mass to the individual, I say on page 218: "In certain circumstances the forces of the mass may have a positive influence by acting in the service of advancing historical movements and disposing them to take a new shape, but currents of this kind provide only conditions and tendencies; great positive production is due exclusively to the laborious work of personalities who devote their lives to it."

It is equally true, however, that the work of the individual is embraced in a rational whole, and that philosophy acts as a total force. "The poor and proud view which reduces philosophy in the main to the subjective reflections of individuals is thus seen to be untenable" (p. 220). As to the relation to history, it runs (p. 220): "Transcendence of the historical is the aim, but it can be attained only by demergerence in history."

gave me their gracious appreciation. There were, for instance, Zeller, Harms, Ulrici, Schaarschmidt, Wildauer (who did everything he could to get me invited to Austria), and Heyder (who got me invited to Erlangen): of all of whom I think with grateful affection. Even Catholic scholars like Sengler and Hoffmann were on very friendly terms with me. My efforts, therefore, were not without encouraging support. I could not, however, fail to notice that it was only the older men who were interested in my work; the younger were indifferent to it. I found myself between two waves of life. The old epoch was over, and I could not associate myself with it, and the new era followed a different tendency. I was therefore alone.

Besides my works I wrote—especially in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which opened its columns to me—a number of articles on questions of the hour. And in order to soothe the inner restlessness that I felt I made several journeys: once to Berchtesgaden and district, to Borkum, to Sassnitz, to Holland and Belgium, and twice to Italy. This naturally enlarged and refreshed my mind, but it gave me no firm hold in my own life and thought, and no inner feeling of confidence and freedom. I had still to construct my philosophy.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE GROWTH OF MY IDEAS

SEVERAL years of work had gone by without bringing my task to a close, but at length my ideas fell into sufficient order to make me feel that I had a firm general direction. That happened, most clearly, in the years 1881 and 1882. A full account of my views is given in my books, but I must here explain very briefly what the nature of this direction was.

The starting-point of all my efforts was the conception of life. Within this conception, however, I distinguished between a lower and a higher stage, a biological and a zoological level. At the lower level life was bound up with nature; at the higher it attained independence and self-containedness. In the former case life consisted only of the reciprocal relations of the various elements; in the latter there ruled a single force, and it brought about an ordered realm of the contents. Thus existence with its experience and the world of action diverged sharply from each

other ; though they had, of course, to be adjusted somehow.

Now men formed radically different views of life according as they remained part of the world of relations or they experienced the world of action as their own, and thus raised themselves above the condition of atoms and became world-beings. When this was further developed, I was compelled to take up a special position between the old and the new way of thinking. The old way, as we find it in ancient thought and earlier Christianity, presupposed a self-contained world that dominated man : either an artistically conceived cosmos or the kingdom of God and the Church with its ethical values. In this the thought of the whole had absolute precedence ; it had to give man both the aim and the force of life. The great change in modern times was mainly due to the philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The starting-point and the chief concern was man and his thoughts. The idea now was to build all reality upon man, and to find a content for life from this point of view. Every province of life had thus to be rearranged, and philosophy had the inevitable task of establishing an inner connection between man and the whole, and offering this to him as his mental property.

Men of the first rank, like Spinoza and Leibnitz, worked in this sense, and some very able systems

of thought were put together. The way and means of connection with the whole was the intelligence, which alone seemed to promise to unite man perfectly with the world. Then Kant pointed out the assumption at the base of this solution, and showed with merciless logic that 'if you start from man, you cannot get beyond man; that starting from appearances we can never reach a realm of things. He believed, however, that he could attain a world of freedom by starting from morality. But the realm of morals proved too small to embrace the whole of our mental possessions, and the distinction between theoretical and practical reason threatened to destroy the unity of reality.

The great German speculative thinkers, such as Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, sought to fill up this intolerable breach, and in this they hoped to attain directly to a world-creation on the part of man. This they could not do without over-estimating man's powers, and treating the absolute life of the spirit and man's life as identical in value. At the same time they took too narrow a view of the contents of life and they did not sufficiently appreciate the immense complications of the human condition. They would see the whole fullness of reality in one single feature of it, and they would have man raise himself to creative height by his own powers.

Positivism, with its inner detachment of man from the world, was the natural consequence of this strain. It meant a concentration upon man's welfare and upon the intellectual faculties, so that it involved, unavoidably, a narrowing and impoverishment of life. Man is of himself much too small if he does not feel a relation to the world, and is not conscious of a world-task in himself. If man is entirely thrown upon himself, either as individual or as collective mass—it makes no material difference—the goal of his efforts can be only his own well-being, or happiness as a subjective experience. Thus, whatever external progress he made, he would spiritually be confined in a cell. No thoughtful man who has attained complete self-consciousness can ever be content with that.

We find ourselves to-day, therefore, in an ambiguous, an intolerable position. Man seems to us at one moment too small, at another moment too large. We imperatively need new possibilities, a radical change, a new fundamental orientation of man to the world. Since the older generation began from the world-whole as a given magnitude, life lost its full freedom and originality. As modern thought began from the individual elements, and freedom and originality were their chief features, life lost its firm hold and its full truth, and threatened to be reduced more and more to the merely subjective and individual. It is therefore urgently



necessary to bring freedom and truth closer together and create a whole out of both form and content. That cannot be done, however, unless we radically alter our conception of man and bridge the gulf between him and the world. But the life of the world has its definite conditions, and man has first to be raised to its level. He must pass through various stages before he can reach the height of his own being. He is no absolute creator, but a co-worker with a creative life. The several tendencies and provinces of life—science, art, religion, and the State—are not the work of segregated points; they are manifestations of a superior general force, which may pass directly into the personal life of a man. Such a view must give a new shape to the conception of civilisation, and yield a new kind of metaphysic. It was in a position to recognise entirely the obscurity of the world, yet, beginning from a world of action, as it did, to initiate a struggle against this obscurity.

Here, however, we cannot develop these ideas. It is enough to say that I felt that I had reached firm ground and would be able to give a clear lead to contemporary life.

Once my convictions were established, I could look out with greater freshness and freedom upon the world, and take a more courageous part in life. Ten years had passed since the death of my

mother when I abandoned my solitude and married (1882). I made the acquaintance of my wife, Irene Passow, when she came to Jena with her mother and her young brother. We came into personal contact through Seebeck's family, to which the Passows were related. My mother-in-law, daughter of the eminent archæologist Ulrich, had been born in Athens. Her mother, a handsome woman of strong character, had, after the premature death of her first husband, married Judge Smidt, son of the well-known Bürgermeister and founder of Bremerhaven. This gave me many points of contact with prominent families of Bremen. The well-known statesman, writer, and translator Otto Gildemeister, belonged to the group.

My wife's mother was a woman of great ability and tireless activity. She had lost her husband, a director of a gymnasium, at an early date. Settling at Bremen, she had been chiefly occupied with literary work, and had written ably and charmingly for the *Weser Zeitung*. She had then, for the sake of the health of her younger son, come to Jena, where she entered fully into the intellectual life of the place, at the same time taking great care of her home and her children. My wife had had no college training, and was not one of the "learned women"; but she was full of intellectual interests, and she had considerable gifts for art. To these she united high practical

and organising ability. It was a great gain, not only for my life, but for my philosophical work, which improved in clearness and freshness. We settled in a villa in an elevated locality which at that time, before the growth of factories made life narrower, gave us a rural quietness and a glorious view of Jena and the valley of the Saale. Later it had the advantage of letting our growing children run about in perfect freedom, yet enjoy the pleasures of the town near by. We also had in the Villa Zeine, as it was then called, a good deal of pleasant and simple social life. Many students from different places and countries came to see us, and they remembered us with pleasure and gratitude. Sometimes we had artistic gatherings, and there was in all things a helpful and pleasurable tone.

But I had still to develop and elaborate the ideas which I regarded as essential to my work; upon this task I spent several further years. In the year 1885 appeared my *Prolegomena*, and in 1888 my chief work, *The Unity of the Spiritual Life in the Mind and Activity of Humanity*. In the *Prolegomena* I tried to give a general picture which, starting from the depths of human nature, should embrace all the diversities of existence. I clearly distinguished between a natural event in the mind and an existing life: a spiritual reality from a psychic existence. It seemed to me impos-

sible to establish in advance any special point, either at the beginning or in the result, on which all else could depend: impossible to lay down definitely the conditions, forms, and mass of the actual event. Hence I aimed at a spiritual Positivism in which the fact with its proper reality was more decisive than the reality of the assumptions and conditions.

I found a starting-point in what I called "the world of work." My task was by a process of reduction to resolve the apparently solid and rigid structures into living action, and to understand each particular thing as an outcome of the whole; to awaken and detach some principle that was enclosed, almost buried, in the perceptible action. In this I found of great use the idea of a "syntagma," a collective event of a peculiar kind arising on historical ground. These syntagmata had to be tested by the world of work, and thus we could attain an immanent real criticism of the event.

The *Unity of the Spiritual Life* was intended to develop further these fundamental ideas. It also started with the collective work of humanity as it is embodied in history. The work went directly into the life-systems of the present time, and with its methods tested the system of Naturalism and that of Intellectualism. Positive achievements were fully recognised, and then an immanent

criticism was instituted, from which it appeared that both systems aimed at the originality and independent value of the psychic inner life. I then approached the positive task of sketching a life-system of a personal world, and it was laid down that all life-systems must be developed on the basis of a personal world and only reach a spiritual content in connection therewith. This set up a system of the universal personal life. In the end the following were indicated as the chief defects of Naturalism and Intellectualism. Naturalism is wrong in regarding as due to its own forces what nature derives from the mind in being experienced, and so taking the mere conditions of the event for the creative reasons of it. Intellectualism is wrong in assuming that the contents of the mind are identical with thoughts, and thus treating the operations of thought, not as the form, but as the essence, of reality.

Many objections were made to the form in detail of the two books. At first I tried to make the writing lively and attractive, and not infrequently I became too artificial and ornamental. I wanted to force at once something that can be reached only by one's own experience and further work. In particular the contents were often not nearly clear and concise enough. The effort, however, was not without use, and it helped me on my own way. My work was received very coldly.

I must gratefully acknowledge that so distinguished a thinker as Professor Natorp thoroughly appreciated it, and that Seydel of Leipzig, who was too soon taken from us, very warmly commended the significance of my efforts. These were isolated voices.

My systematic work was supplemented by my *Problems of Human Life as Viewed by the Great Thinkers* (1890). I had treated the subject in lectures at Basle, and found it very well received. I tried to get at the thought-world of the great thinkers from within, and describe clearly human life as it appeared to them. The book necessitated a very thorough research, and this had to be put aside in order not to interfere with my chief work. In Leibnitz's phrase, the tailor "must not show the seams." This book also was little noticed at first. It was in Vienna that it first attracted much interest. It then made rapid progress, and the second edition (1896) was followed by one issue after another. At the present time the fifteenth and sixteenth editions are in the press. I took trouble, of course, to improve it, both in form and contents, and rid it of all defects and weaknesses as well as I could. It has now been translated into a large number of foreign languages.

The book which I dedicated to Seebeck, *Figures and Similes in Philosophy* (1880), was an inci-

dental production. It seemed to me not unimportant to study this problem and trace the influence of the imagination on the operations of the intellect. At a later date I wrote a special essay on the occurrence of figures and similes in Kant, and I have been glad to see that in recent years the importance of the problem on the juristic side has been recognised and pressed by my esteemed law-colleague Fischer. I then, in 1886, published the work *Contributions to the History of Modern Philosophy*. The chief aim of this was to put in its proper light the importance of the earlier German thinkers, as it is often not sufficiently recognised. I was particularly pleased to show that the famous astronomer Kepler was also a distinguished philosopher. I ought to mention also that I took part in the commemorative volume of the jubilee (the fiftieth year of doctorate) of the venerable Eduard Zeller. I wrote on the position of Comte and Positivism. Here again I appealed from the picture of consciousness, as conditioned mainly by final results instead of by living forces, to the creative and progressive activity of man. I demanded a Positivism that could embrace the whole of reality, include spirit and history, and thoroughly appreciate the living forces in preference to the result. Thus, quite apart from my chief works, I was far from inactive during that period.

Meantime there had been great changes in political and literary life. The old Emperor had ended his distinguished and unselfish career. That his son, the Emperor Frederick, should follow him so quickly caused great distress in our home. My wife's father, Arnold Passow, had been at school with the Crown Prince, and had been a life-long friend of his. The Prince had shown a kindly interest in our wedding. When I, as Pro-Rector, met him at a Weimar festival, he came to me and invited me to sit near him at table. We had a long conversation, and the way in which he spoke about his dead friend showed the deepest sympathy and cordiality. He was so moved in recalling his friend that I could not help thinking afterwards that he had some premonition of the danger that threatened himself. Now William II had begun his reign. No one then foresaw that he would so soon dispense with the aged statesman and wilfully set out on his own way.

It was in the same period that literary life made its great advance. Unspiritual and superficial Positivism had done its work, and it was obvious that the age was paying stricter attention to the matter. While Realism had built up its world upon the objects round about us, Subjectivism had confined itself to the states of the mind, the flutterings of sentiment. The result of this was a life in complete contradiction to itself.



On the one hand was a movement from without to within, on the other hand a movement from within to without. Here tangible achievements, there intangible moods; on one side more solidity, on the other more fluidity; on one side work for society, on the other concern for the welfare of the individual; with some an obliteration of differences, with others an emphasis of the individual; with some an eagerness to count in the chain of the ages, with others to seize the immediate moment; some contending for a scientific, technical, and social, others for an æsthetic and individual culture, a preponderance of artistic and literary production. This artistic aspiration, of which Nietzsche was the most important expression, appealed to me in many ways, but it was not consistent with my metaphysical and religious-philosophical aim. The feverish exaltation of the subject seemed to me to give insufficient depth to life and not to make it sufficiently conscious of its independence. Nietzsche himself often went beyond the limits of this subjectivism, and, in spite of his rejection of metaphysics, he became a metaphysician of a loose, moody character.

After publishing my works I had a right to expect a little more recognition in the academic world, especially as my lectures at the university were now attended by larger numbers of students. In point of fact, the German academic world

ignored my work with complete indifference, and made it quite clear that it regarded my activity as of no value to science. At that time there were many changes in the universities, but I have never received a call to one of the great universities. It was a very long time before any invitation elsewhere reached me. In January, 1896, I received from the Government of Baden a gracious invitation to settle at Freiburg, but, in spite of the charm of the place, I could not bring myself to leave Jena, where I was now settled, with my children happily growing up and my work with the students giving me great satisfaction. The only interruptions were due to two journeys to Italy: one in 1890 to Venice and Florence, for which we both have a great affection, and one to Rome, which gave us ineffaceable impressions and lasting stimulation. There is something lacking in the life that has no feeling for Rome.

My scientific work had now to assume the character of building upon the foundations I had laid down. This was done, first, in my book *The Struggle for a Spiritual Content of Life*. Quite apart from religion, I felt strongly the insincerity of contemporary life, professing spirituality, as it did, yet wholly taken up with material things. My remarks in that work were sharply opposed to the conventional and official Idealism, since

they too obviously treated the problems as in a state of suspense, and they demanded changes far too radical to please those who thought that everything was settled and fixed. The work had a simple structure. The first part traced the movement in three stages: the struggle for the independence of the spiritual life, the struggle for a character of the spiritual life, and the struggle for the world-wide power of the spiritual life. The second part gave a general picture in relation to the age, and then dealt with the various branches of the subject. Throughout the work I demanded that we should clearly work out what was necessary to the maintenance of the spiritual process of life.

The work (published in 1896) had a small number of admirers at first, though to these, I gather from their letters, it proved a support and a joy. It afterwards passed on to an ever-widening circle. I hope to have more influence on contemporary life through the fourth edition, which is now in the press. It was, and is, quite clear to me that nothing but the attainment of a spiritual content of life will save mankind from an inner collapse. It must either rise or fall. It is impossible to remain stationary in the present condition.

After this I gave my attention chiefly to religion, which had occupied me much from my youth

onward. It was a strong feeling of the hollowness of the present position of religion that inspired me with the title *The Truth of Religion*. The task was to detach the imperishable kernel from the contemporary shell of religion and present it in as original a form as possible. This change had to go much further than was generally claimed, and it was necessary to come to a clear understanding with historical Christianity. I would almost say that no other of my writings has issued so directly from my own life. I had, however, no intention of giving a philosophy of religion in the strict sense. I wanted to concentrate on the decisive points.

The publication of this work (1901) materially altered and improved my relations with the world about me. I was now addressing myself to the hearts and feelings of many earnest people, and the indifference of the learned need matter to me no longer. From the start the work had many warm, even enthusiastic, admirers. Amongst others, Count Rehna, who at one time seemed destined to rule the Grand Duchy of Baden, assured me very cordially of the impression the book had made on him. Of the scientific world there was, chiefly, Professor Norström, of Gothenburg, who wrote a series of articles on the work in the trade journal of that town, and saying that he expected it to have a deep influence on the

religious problem.<sup>1</sup> I learned also that King Oscar was deeply interested in the book and in my work generally.

In liberal Catholic circles also I found a good deal of sympathy. It was very welcome to me to secure the lasting friendship of Baron Frederick von Hügel of London. He visited me a number of times at Jena, and expressed the liveliest interest in my work; and he afterwards received me and my family most pleasantly at London. Hügel wanted complete breadth and freedom of the spirit, but would not break with the Catholic Church. He had, however, the fullest sympathy with all constructive work that promoted depth, and he was not at all unfriendly to my super-sectarian treatment of religion. Other Catholics in Germany, France and Italy were of the same mind.

These movements and efforts went beyond the frontiers of Germany, but I must acknowledge that in my own country also I received many tokens of appreciation. In the year 1900, for instance, I gave the speech at the centenary celebration of Jena University, and in the same

<sup>1</sup> I soon afterwards began a very friendly correspondence with Norström, and it was maintained without interruption until he died. The quarterly which the German-Swedish Alliance began to publish in July, 1920, the *Deutsche-Schwedische Blätter*, had in its second number (October, 1920) a substantial essay, by Liljedahl, on this beautiful correspondence, under the title "Norström and Eucken."

year I also delivered the Goethe Oration. It was characteristic of the Grand Duke Carl Alexander that he desired the Oration that year to be delivered by a member of Jena University, and I was chosen for the task.

Far more important for my life was it that I now came into close touch with the system of popular teachers-lessons which had spread over the country from Jena. The importance of these teachers-lessons to the German people was to me beyond question. There was an unmistakable zeal for education, united with a desire of greater freedom and a richer life-content. The work of education has become in our life much too independent to bow down unreservedly to the Church, or even religion. Its great aim is the spiritual elevation of the whole man. University men could not do better than promote this effort and lead it into the right path. That is what I did.

At first the teachers came to attend special courses at Jena, but the movement soon spread over Thuringia. The arrangement was that the leader should speak for two hours, and during this time he was to deal with some continuous subject in history, ethics, the history of religion, or philosophy. The lectures were continued for several weeks, and this made them superior to the usual isolated lectures for the general educated public, since they met exactly the common interests

of a fine and high-minded body of professional men. My journeys to give these lectures, which began in the first year of the new century, were very useful and agreeable to myself. The movement started in Gotha, and spread over the whole of Thuringia. I visited a dozen different places, and at some of them—Gotha, Arnstadt, Erfurt, Schmalkalden and Nuremburg—I spoke several times. It gave me an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Thuringia and the Thuringians, and I spent many pleasant hours amongst them. The work was at times tiring, but that did not lessen the enjoyment; I can always rely on my health.

I gave further series of lectures outside Thuringia, particularly one at Bremen, at the invitation of the Teachers' Union, and one in Hamburg, where the educational authorities arranged them. It was a great help to me to get into close touch in this way with earnest classes of the population, and to be able to lecture without the academic technicalities. My ideal was to be a spiritual leader and counsellor to the people in our distracted and uncertain age; but my own life also gained in breadth and freedom.

My scientific work, meantime, was zealously maintained. In 1903 there appeared my *Collected Essays in Philosophy*; in 1907 my *Outlines of a New Philosophy of Life*, and a work on *The Chief*

*Problems of the Modern Philosophy of Religion*, which ran to a fifth edition; and in 1908 my *Meaning and Value of Life*, which is now in its seventh edition, and an *Introduction to a Philosophy of the Spiritual Life*, which now bears the simple title *Introduction to Philosophy*. Thus my work in a wider field did not curtail my philosophic production.

Now also I began to receive scientific recognition. In 1903 the theological faculty of Giessen made me an honorary Doctor of Divinity, sending me a very generous diploma that had a remote connection with Melanchthon. In 1904 I received an invitation, very honouring and profitable, to succeed the eminent philosopher Sigwart at Tübingen. I went to Tübingen with my wife to inquire; and I had so good an impression of the town and country and authorities, and the work seemed to be so sympathetic, that I was nearly leaving Jena. At one time I gave my consent. In the end, however, I could not part from Jena, though it afforded me much less favourable conditions of life.



## CHAPTER IX

### MY INFLUENCE ABROAD

THERE was good reason why I obtained comparatively better recognition abroad than in Germany. I have always felt myself a loyal German, and I have never yielded one jot of the right of the German language abroad, yet my main problem was above national differences. It concerned all nations and civilisations. It was to deliver contemporary life from a pronounced insincerity from which it suffered, and to bring about an inner elevation of, in fact revolution in, the human condition. For this work I found more zeal and more candour in certain foreign peoples than in Germany.

First of all I was brought into close touch with Finland. There were two young professors, Castren and Boldt, with whom I corresponded, and who strongly attracted me by their fine character and spiritual energy. They presently, in a series of splendid articles, made public their interest in my ideas. Then came an exceptional

opportunity to do something for the country. It was heavily oppressed by Tsarism, and its friends hoped to bring about a mitigation of the rule by representations to the Tsar. For this purpose I worked with a small number of friends in various countries. The German address was sent from Jena. There was no visible success; in fact, the address, signed by scholars and artists of every civilised country, was not received. But it had an unmistakable influence in confirming the inner strength of the Finns, as nothing is more painful than to see the rest of humanity indifferent to a plain injustice. From that time I have kept in touch with Finland, and I have written a good deal in its interest in the German press. In 1909 I was invited by the Finnish Senate to come and give a series of lectures, but I was, in spite of my wishes, unable to comply.

In 1903 I received a similar invitation from the students of Holland. They wanted me to lecture on problems of the philosophy of religion. I spoke in Utrecht, Amsterdam, and Leiden, where I made lasting friends.

In 1908 the Nobel Prize for literature was assigned to me. Swedish friends had, it is true, told me from time to time of the possibility of this, but it seemed so uncertain that at first I refused to think about it. An invitation to the

universities of Scotland, to deliver religious-philosophical lectures, seemed more likely; but the project was abandoned. When, in 1908, I took part in the Congress of Philosophers at Heidelberg, I was surprised to see how much sympathy my work had won amongst foreign thinkers. The French were particularly amiable. It was clear that through the translations of my books into other languages I had now a public, and had made myself independent of the German academic world.

About the same time the Swedish Academy of Sciences nominated me a foreign member; and I was then, at the suggestion of Archbishop Söderblom, invited to deliver the first lectures of the Olaus Petri Foundation at Upsala.<sup>1</sup> At last, on November 14th, I heard of the award of the Nobel Prize. Of the various friends whom I must thank in connection with this I must mention first my unforgettable friend Norström. I must also thank the Hjärne, the leading historians of Sweden, and Retzius, the eminent man of science, who combines thoroughness in research with a profound philosophy of the world and of life.

This was followed by a series of celebrations which lifted those who were present to the heights

<sup>1</sup> Olaus Petri brought about the triumph of the Lutheran Church in Sweden.

of life. At one of these festivals the present King spoke to me of the lively interest which his father, King Oscar, had taken in my philosophy, and especially my philosophy of religion. He left behind him many proofs of his sympathy, but they are not for the eyes of others.

It was remarkable that the award was almost more approved in the French press than in the German. Beyond question many of my own countrymen were astonished to see my name in the list of winners of the Prize. Privately, however, I received warm congratulations. I recall with gratitude and grief the cordial words that the late Ernst von Wildenbruch sent me on that occasion. He was himself most suitable for and entitled to the Prize, but his great soul knew no jealousy.

After I received the Prize applications for the translation of my books and invitations abroad came in quick succession. My scientific work, however, went on without interruption. In these years I, in addition to small matters and new editions, published my *Can We Still Be Christians?* (1911). I felt compelled to make my opinion perfectly clear on that point, but the success of the book surprised me. I certainly did not adopt the right tone to make the question attractive and impressive, but I have some intention of returning to the problem later. In 1912 I

issued *Knowledge and Life*, which was meant as an introduction to a larger work on the theory of knowledge and the form of life. From the first it was conceived as a fragment of this larger work, which appeared in 1918 under the title *Man and the World*, and went to a second edition in 1920. The war interfered sadly with my study of these problems, though I continued to work all through that time.

Of the invitations the most important was that which I received from England in 1911. After the Scandinavian north, with which I felt a special affinity, it was with England that I had most business and personal relations, and it seemed important to enlarge these. The English and German characters seem destined to supplement each other.

In my *Knowledge and Life* (p. 72, etc.) I have developed this problem. The strength of the German seems to be in his faculty for throwing out large ideas, and the breadth of his spiritual horizon, the power of working systematically and methodically. He can strive to lift man above his environment and awaken the infinity in his soul; yet his scientific and technical work is not behind that of any other people. But the German is apt to stop at brooding contemplation, and to set too high a price on mere erudition. Hence his knowledge may be of no use, and

may not serve for the exaltation of life. And this sort of intellectual life leads easily to a certain egoism in individuals, who want to be and to do something special, and are not disposed to work for common ends.

¶The strength of the Englishman, on the other hand, is in his control of practical life, his receptiveness to the impressions of experience, his talent in seizing and profiting by the opportunity; and particularly in the structure of his social life, the scientific element of which passes directly into fruitful activity. In such a world individuals live in freedom, yet subordinate their individual tendencies to common purposes. This union engenders far more power in the material world and more hope of dominating it. But this character also has its dangers. The combination may easily hamper the full development of individuality and lead to uniformity. There is also not sufficient appreciation of the fact that the world-problem does not gradually come to life, but belongs to it from the first and helps to build up a spiritual character. The originality and breadth of the spiritual life may suffer from this concern about the state of society, and there is apt to be a lapse into utilitarianism, unless it is counteracted by a firm religious conviction, deeply rooted in the social order, and the life and aim of society has the background of an

eternal order of independent value. These antitheses were emphasised during the war.

I had corresponded ever since my university years with distinguished individuals in England, and these relations were strengthened by the translation of my books into English. I then received an explicit invitation from the Unitarians. Twice before the award of the Nobel Prize they had pressed me to deliver the Essex Hall Lecture; but it was the custom for the lecturer to speak English, and, though I had a fair command of English, I could not venture to do this. In 1911, however, I received a cordial invitation to give my lecture quietly in my own tongue. The lecture, and a speech in one of the churches, were well attended and much appreciated, and the leading dailies, such as *The Times*, had lengthy notices of them.<sup>1</sup> The time I spent in London and Oxford was enjoyable and stimulating. We had most gracious hospitality; and it was characteristic that the Lord Mayor of London, in reviewing the events of the year, referred to the visits of Harnack and myself as a good omen for the relations between the two nations. It is worthy of note that in regard to religion and the philosophy of religion I often found myself

<sup>1</sup> There is a full account of my visit to London in the *Christian World* for June 8, 1911. The German *Christliche Welt* for January 11, 1912, gave the gist of it in German.

much better understood by the English than by many of my own countrymen. It was, and is, their unhappy intellectualism which prevents many Germans from candidly appreciating the problems and depths of life.

America attracted me, and much occupied my thoughts, from my earliest youth. I was particularly interested in the life of the Germans there, and even when I was a child I used to get copies of German-American papers. In the course of my life this feeling was strengthened and deepened. America was the first country to translate one of my books into a foreign tongue, and I soon received from native Americans many proofs of recognition of my work. It was a sympathy that helped me much in view of the indifference of my colleagues in Germany.<sup>1</sup> A special and attractive proposal was made to me by my personal acquaintance, Dr. J. M. Rice, of New York. It was that I should send every month, for the periodical he edited, the *Forum*, a special article written by German professors and dealing with German problems. I was

<sup>1</sup> Amongst these proofs of friendly sympathy I must particularly mention a regular correspondence I had with the Rev. W. Test, of Richmond (Indiana). Of my *Struggle for a Spiritual Content of Life*, he wrote me in 1896: "You are certainly a thinker with an authentic message and mission to your contemporaries in the interest of the supreme and eternal verities; and I trust you may live long to fight it out on that line."



especially pleased with this arrangement, as in the long run it helped to bring about a better mutual understanding between the two great nations. Unfortunately, it lasted only two years. I had the impression that the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and the advance of the imperialistic tendency in America were prejudicial to a close study of German questions.

In 1906 I received from America—that is to say, from the German Americans—a cordial invitation to come to New York and address German audiences there. There were at first considerable difficulties about accepting the invitation, but in 1912 the Prussian Government officially invited me to go to America as Exchange-Professor. At first I tried to evade it, as I feared it would disturb my scientific plans, but my wife and daughter encouraged me to accept. From the time of leaving Berlin the arrangements were excellent, and the three of us sailed in good spirits for America.

The voyage was not stormy. I hardly suffered for more than a day, and not severely; and otherwise I felt all the incomparable magic of an ocean-voyage with its great impressions. The entry into New York was impressive, and my passport made short work of the customs difficulties. Although our arrival had been announced in the press, there was no one from the German

Consulate to receive us, and it was three Americans who gave me a most cordial welcome. I have generally found that the officials do little or nothing for German scholars. For my own part I had friendly relations with the English Ambassador, Lord Bryce, but none with the German Ambassador.

The official reception also was remarkably different from the reception at Berlin. The Emperor himself used to be present at the first lecture of the Exchange-Professor and have a long talk with him; and the greatest care was taken to lodge him comfortably. When I got to Cambridge, my first step was, of course, to present myself in person to President Lowell. He was friendly, but he did not say a word about any sort of ceremony at my reception. "You may begin at once," he said simply. There was also some feeling in Cambridge because I announced from the first that I should give my official lectures in German.

However, the success of the lectures greatly pleased me. The private lectures were followed by only about a score of students, and it was the same with my philosophic exercises; though the students were very keen on the subject, and my relations with them were very cordial. In the end I had to be photographed with them. It was otherwise with my public lectures. To

these I gave only one hour a week, and the lecture was announced in the press. I had therefore a large audience drawn from the best circles in Boston, and I had from them many proofs of friendly sympathy. The social side also was very pleasant. In the beginning the three of us were entertained for several days in the friendliest manner by Professor Edward Moore. Afterwards we stayed at a large hotel in Boston. Of the professors Münsterberg was, naturally, the nearest to me. He and his family did everything possible to make us enjoy our visit. The nearness of the ocean added greatly to our pleasure in Boston. We went out to the beach, and in the evening we had wonderful views of the great city and its harbour.

After leaving Boston I, as is the custom in America, gave lectures in various places. Particularly impressive was the mighty spectacle of Niagara, and we were able to follow the course of the water from a private railway. We left Boston in January, and went on to New York, where a sort of home was put at our disposal in what is called the German House at Columbia University. The vast city and its fine situation enchanted us. We moved in all kinds of circles, even that of higher finance, which received us quite amiably and without any air of superiority. The professors were extremely kind to me and

my family. President Butler gave a banquet in honour of me and Bergson, who was lecturing there at the same time, and it was a great success and led to a lively conversation (in English) between us. There was also a great "rout" in our honour. Each of us was surrounded by a large crowd of men, and a still larger crowd of women, and questions were showered upon us. My wife and daughter saw that I did not suffer from hunger and thirst while this was on, but Bergson was less fortunate. He was alone, and was powerless against the army of ladies. I had in the end to get him away by force and see to his material needs.

Our stay in New York afforded me an excellent opportunity to study German life in America. It is true that I had not time to travel in the west, where I should have seen more Germans, but what I saw in the east was not very agreeable from the German point of view. At Boston there was a German Association, and, when I addressed it one night on the historical significance of the German spirit, the room was overflowing. Friends told me, however, that there was rarely a large crowd at the German proceedings; and it was remarkable that in our large hotel there was not a single German journal, and that I found it difficult to get a copy of the New York *Staats Zeitung*. Things were better

in New York, and I could get whatever German papers I wanted. But German life counted for very little in the general life of the city. One hardly realised that there were several hundred thousand Germans in New York. It was prejudicial to the maintenance of the German element in the towns that, whereas the Germans had formerly lived more or less apart, and had had little to do with the other inhabitants, modern industrial conditions had thrown together the various sections of the population. The public schools also had done a good deal toward removing differences.

One chief reason of the powerlessness of the Germans was the lack of a centre of spiritual life. The sons of German parents were involuntarily drawn into English ways of thinking, and even of speaking. I myself noticed one typical case in which the son of a distinguished German family, a youth with considerable philosophic endowments, had a perfect command of the German tongue and was German generally in sentiment, but he experienced great difficulty when he began to speak to me about technical philosophical questions. As things were in America, there was a grave risk of treating the German way of thinking as subordinate. On the other hand, Germany itself ought to have done much more than it did. It would have been

possible to exert far more influence by means of highly educated German teachers, the erection of small theatres, regular lectures, and so on, to keep German life together and sustain its spirit. The officials, however, did next to nothing in this direction, and our press at home dealt far too infrequently with the subject. We had to have regular correspondents between Germany and America, but the interchange of news was casual, and the Germans at home hardly remembered the existence of the Germany in America until there was question of some collection or other. The Exchange-Professors could do very little in the short time of their stay. The arrangement ought to have been radically altered if there were to be real, and not sham, service. That it brought us into touch with a large number of excellent and friendly men and women is another matter.

Apart from this, I had as amiable a reception in New York as I had had in Cambridge, although I was not Exchange-Professor there. The title does not matter much in America. From New York we made various excursions, and I lectured at several places, such as Philadelphia and Baltimore.

I must not close this retrospect without recalling the many friendships that were offered us. I speak of men and women of very different

interests, yet they all met us in the most amiable manner and endeavoured to make our stay amongst them pleasant. Several universities conferred honorary degrees on me: Syracuse and Columbia the degree in letters, and New York University the degree in law. A number of lectureships also—at the Lowell Institute at Boston and the Deem Lectureship at New York—were offered to me; and I gave longer series of lectures at Smith College, Northampton, and at Shenectady. I should have had a larger number of invitations if I had been able to visit the west. I must also mention that the Canadian Universities of Montreal and Toronto sent me gracious invitations. My philosophic work also had more lasting consequences. An Eucken Association was founded in New York, an Eucken Club at Gettysburg (at the Lutheran College), and so on.

I made the personal acquaintance of many interesting men, such as Roosevelt and Carnegie. With Roosevelt I had a very spirited conversation on American idealism and its future, in which he gave proof of considerable historical knowledge. Of Germany he at that time spoke in friendly terms. A conversation I had with a financier of world-wide repute on the possibility of war, which was already occupying people, seemed to me characteristic. There was not the

least danger, he thought. "We won't give them the money," he said, "and without that the States can do nothing." At another time I heard it said that in twenty years Germany would be the wealthiest country on the earth!

Notable also was the position of women in America. Certain external courtesies were paid them, but they had no great position in life. It seemed to me, however, that in the higher social circles the women were more cultivated than the men. The men are so absorbed in business that it may interfere with their acquiring knowledge, whereas the women of the same circles are more eager to travel to obtain varied impressions. I often found the ladies deeply interested in the great questions of human destiny. There were especially two questions that were constantly addressed to me: "Are we immortal?" and "Have we free will?" Unfortunately they always wanted summary replies.

The personal amenities which my family and I experienced were much more pleasant than the way in which the American press generally dealt with German matters. The opinions expressed were sharply contradictory of each other. At one time it was said that Germany must be regarded as a land of little or no liberty, and in proof of this they pointed to various trivial details of our life; yet at the same time they expressed



a great concern lest Germany should become too strong and too wealthy. We were also suspected of various plans, economic if not military. In particular, people were suspicious about our influence in South America. An American professor asked me if we had not a large number of South Americans amongst our students. When I told him that we had very few, he was surprised, and said: "Oh, but you mean to bring South America under your rule." That was why he supposed we had so many students from there.

There was generally in America a remarkable ignorance of European affairs, and particularly German affairs. The tendency of our Radical press to paint our condition so darkly did us great harm; it thought only of our own people, and forgot the effect on foreigners. In view of the situation and the general misrepresentation of the designs of Germany our diplomatic service ought to have worked vigorously to improve the American disposition and bring about better relations between the two countries. There was, in particular, a great need of a journal, printed in English, representing German sentiment, as it was impossible to have any influence with a paper issued in German. A German telegraphic bureau also was urgently needed, to counteract at once the errors and misconceptions

of some of the London papers. I wrote to Berlin to this effect, and submitted a memorandum in support of my suggestions, but there was no visible result. We injured ourselves considerably by our diplomatic incompetence.

I am too conscious of the peculiarities and the weaknesses of American life to bestow unqualified praise on it, but I must freely acknowledge the great energy, the spirit of large enterprise, the readiness to help each other, which characterise it. In this sense it is impressive. The opinion one often hears in Germany, that in America you must not criticise, but find everything good, is entirely wrong. I have frequently and publicly pointed out what is wrong there, yet, in spite of my criticisms, I received nothing but friendly treatment everywhere. No people, of course, that has anything in it will tolerate a contemptuous tone.

Our time in America drew to a close. Our more intimate friends came to bid us farewell, and we then parted. It was touching to see how, when we boarded the ship that was to take us to Europe, the well-known writer Ralph Waldo Trine remained with us on deck in lively conversation until the captain urgently requested him to leave if he did not want to be taken to Europe. We recognised a pretty sentiment in the American custom of throwing a riband to the

departing friend so that, when the ship moved away, each retained a part of it.

It was with deep feeling that we set out once more for Europe. Much affection and friendship were showered on us, though there was no thought of seeing us again. Departure from a whole hemisphere is something different from a journey to neighbouring countries. The great city of New York left a splendid impression on us as we sailed away from it in bright sunshine. Slowly the lofty buildings sank below the horizon, and we found ourselves at sea. This time we had chosen the southern route, and we did not regret it. We crossed in glorious weather, passing within sight of the Azores. Cordially did we greet at last the coast of Europe, which made a profound impression on us. Gibraltar, in its vernal splendour and all the glory of its flowers, was enchanting. Then on to Algiers, to Naples, and at length to Genoa. Here our youngest son met us, and we made together a fine journey over the Riviera, Mont Cenis, and Montreux, to Geneva. At Geneva all our time was given to Hodler, who showed us his artistic sketches and talked to us charmingly about his art. The Thuner See and the giant Alps gave a grand close to our journey, and we proceeded by way of Basle to our home.

## CHAPTER X

### IN THE DARK DAYS

My first task was to reflect on my varied impressions and see what duties they imposed on me. My lectures in Cambridge and the suggestions of my audience showed me that there was need of a small work that should expound German philosophy for English readers.<sup>1</sup> Several American publishers were interested in the matter, but the stormy years that followed pushed the project aside. As late as the summer of 1914 I received a proof of friendly feeling, when my younger son was graciously invited by Columbia University to spend a year in its Teachers' College lecturing on the chief questions of German social politics. He was prepared to comply with the invitation, and we had taken a berth for him on the *Columbia* for October 3, 1914, when the war shattered all our plans.

I had to go on with my plans. The work on

<sup>1</sup> It was to be entitled *German Philosophy for English Readers*.

German philosophy was finished. I was occupied with various new editions; and I felt more strongly than ever, as one of the impressions made by my travels, how much we needed a strengthening and deepening of the life of Germany. This conviction inspired my book *Call to Spiritual Co-operation*. In this work I explicitly described the danger of a merely active civilisation, and insisted that work is only one aspect of German life; that it must be supplemented by spiritual culture if the whole and the inwardness of man is not to suffer. Stimulated by this work, a number of friends met in Darmstadt in March, 1914, to discuss the matter and form local groups wherever they could. It was found, however, that there were serious difficulties, and we decided to take no further steps at that time, especially as I was then occupied with the plan of a voyage to Eastern Asia. We were, at all events, agreed that the inner life of Germany was not as satisfactory as its material prosperity.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A second and unaltered edition of the *Call to Spiritual Co-operation* appeared after two months (the beginning of February, 1914), and I had to see in this a welcome proof that the questions dealt with found a good deal of sympathy in Germany. Of the state of German life at that time I wrote as follows (p. 3) :—

“All this leads us to expect that a fresh and cheerful mood will animate the whole of our people, and lead it confidently from a great past to a still greater future. But unquestionably there is at present no such disposition. On the contrary, when we consider the whole tenour of our life,

New and more varied tasks meantime fell to me. At Whitsuntide 1914 I addressed the theological students of Holland, and my family and I enjoyed the great display of flowers, particularly at Haarlem. Immediately after this I had a

we are filled with doubt and uncertainty. We find a widespread disposition to see rather the limitations and defects than what is great and good in things, to be in such a hurry with individual impressions that the whole is not appreciated, to be content with criticism and denial and thus spoil our pleasure even in unmistakable successes. Moreover, we are sharply divided on all issues of importance, and this division leaves us without confidence or pleasure in our own initiative."

To me it seemed that the chief cause of the confusion was the suppression of spiritual culture in favour of mere activity. Immediately before the war broke out I, in this book, strongly expressed my opinion about the state of things. On page 82 I said: "Only the most shallow optimism can be content with the miserable remnant of our rich inheritance of historic work which a widespread tendency of the age retains for us. It is a question of Either—Or. We are moving toward a catastrophe if we do not vigorously resist the inevitable spiritual decline. Already we feel painfully the dearth of constructive personalities and strong characters: already our intellectual productiveness halts, and our moral energy is sinking. If that continues, we shall increasingly lose our internal support, and let our life lapse more and more into emptiness. Shall the spiritual evolution of humanity end in this, that man destroys himself and robs himself of all value by conceiving himself merely as an especially gifted animal?"

I quoted with approval the saying of Nietzsche: "That nation alone lives which expresses its experiences in eternal values." In the autumn of 1913 we celebrated the great deeds of the War of Freedom. Could we not impart to our own life some approximate measure of the same eternal value? Was not the celebration spiritually and artistically pitiful?

most pressing invitation to go to London, to take part in certain commemorations and deliver various lectures on philosophy. I very nearly accepted, but I hesitated on account of the difficulty of satisfying all the different currents of religious life in England. It was the Unitarians who had previously invited me, and I was very friendly with them; but the new invitation came from philosophically-minded members of the High Church. I feared that the antagonism of the various sects would put me in an awkward position, and in the end I declined the invitation.

It illustrates the state of feeling at that time that the foreign secretary of the London Press Club sent me a unanimous and cordial invitation, and I was expressly assured that the French journalists joined in the request. In fact, there was another proof that French feeling generally was then friendly to us in a visit from the distinguished Professor Boutroux, who addressed us very sympathetically both in Berlin and Jena.

I must not omit to mention that I received a very welcome communication from Bulgaria in the spring of 1914. I had had scientific and personal relations with the Bulgarians for several years, indeed several decades. Many students came from there to Jena because of our reputa-

for pædagogy, and others came for philosophy. Many had studied for degrees under my care, and some had obtained good positions in their own country. It was from these old pupils and friends that the request came that I should write a helpful and encouraging letter to the Bulgarians, who still suffered from their earlier wars, and it was to be published in their journals. I sent the letter, and after a time I received, in French, a grateful acknowledgment signed by all the leading men of the Bulgarian Government. I was not the only one who received such a letter, but it gave me great pleasure to enter into personal relations in this way with an entire nation.<sup>1</sup> That I had the same experience, or an even happier experience, with Finland has been already mentioned. From Bulgaria I received several amiable invitations during the war, but I had unfortunately not time to go.

I had meantime received other requests from Japan and China. In Japan I had long been interested, as the earlier Grand Duke of Weimar was much concerned about the Protestant communities in that country. At our university the

<sup>1</sup> The following passages occurred in the Bulgarian letter: "You are, sir, one of those friends of Bulgaria who have, by their words, writings, and actions, earned its eternal gratitude," and, "We, the undersigned, representing the institutions and the learned societies of Bulgaria, assure you of the gratitude of the entire Bulgarian people."



Japanese had been excellent and industrious students. Several of them, including a Buddhist who wrote on the Buddhist ethic, had taken degrees. After a time there was a demand in Japan for translations of my works, and most of them appeared in Japanese. It was from Münsterberg in America that I first heard that the Japanese were interested in me, but I at first paid no serious attention to it. At length I received a very genial invitation to go and give a series of lectures on the great problems of life at the imperial universities of Tokio and Kioto. The prospect pleased me much, as it gave me an opportunity of studying intimately an entirely foreign world, and—which attracted me even more—of exchanging ideas with the leading Japanese thinkers, especially the Buddhists. Not only were the academic people very well disposed toward me, but the material arrangements were excellent. My wife and I were to travel by Russia and the Siberian Railway to Korea, where a Japanese envoy would meet us and take us by the short sea-route to Tokio. We had only just accepted this invitation when there came a pressing request that we should also visit the chief cities of China and deliver lectures on philosophy in them. I was to speak in German, but the lectures would be translated into Chinese in advance for the audience. We were to return by the Indian Ocean and Egypt.

The sudden outbreak of war upset all our plans, and we had to be grateful that it did not find us abroad, far away from our children.

At the time when I thought of making this journey to the East we seemed to be looking around pleasantly from a height that we had reached. There were, indeed, still many problems in German life, but we seemed to be steadily advancing. We had ground to hope that the common problems of the race would prove strong enough to override national antagonisms, and that no Government would dare to incur the heavy responsibility of enkindling a world-war which was bound to have terrible consequences. As late as the beginning of 1914 there seemed to be an improvement in the relations of Germany and England. There was more than one indication of mutual esteem, even friendship, between the two great nations, and various addresses were signed which emphasised the importance of amiable co-operation. It is unquestionable that this work was sincere. For my own part I hoped to work at the common problems of humanity and at the same time help my own country, and I received evidence of sympathy from all quarters. I have spoken of Japan and China, but I had also a friendly invitation from India, and even Australian friends expressed a wish to see me in their universities.

I need not say that the outbreak of war was especially painful to me, working, as I was, for the mutual understanding of nations and their common co-operation in solving the problems of life. Yet I could not for a moment hesitate to take my place amongst my own people. Certainly I did not approve of the English saying, "My Country, right or wrong," but I was, and am, firmly convinced that Germany had a perfect right to enter the war. Our policy was, it is true, very vulnerable, indeed incompetent. Our statesmen had no proper sense of what was necessary or possible. Our policy vacillated between high-sounding words, even harmful words, and small deeds; and there was a good deal of confusion as to the real issue. The most prominent feature of our life was economic interest. This should suffice of itself to convince any unprejudiced observer that our people did not want war. Any man who looks primarily to economic interests can find no pleasure in the destructive agencies of war. But Germany had, on account of its central position, exposed to attacks from every side, to maintain a powerful armament. The only possible question is whether the military leaders had not too much influence in the Government. Moreover, unpleasant incidents like those at Zabern were likely to create a bad impression abroad and excite the suspicion of a military

predominance; and it was, in addition, an open question whether so great an extension of our fleet was necessary for self-defence, and whether it would not arouse distrust in England.

But how was it with our enemies? For the conduct of the war, our enemies had a great advantage in the fact that we as a people could, in spite of all our inner devotion, not sufficiently mobilise our spiritual strength. How different the situation would have been if we had been able to develop energetically in the depths of our nature the German conception of genuine freedom and bear it with us into the struggle! A few tried to effect this, but solitary efforts were lost to sight, and no heroism of individuals could compensate for this lack of a common aim. Throughout the whole course of the war the psychic element was insufficiently appreciated on our side, and the effect on the mind not sufficiently considered. We have to recognise all the more warmly what the German people actually accomplished under circumstances which were very trying and debilitating.

The war began. Our two sons cheerfully took their place in it. It was the business of our spiritual leaders, our intellectuals, to keep up the courage of our people and contend for the rights of Germany. We remember how much dust was stirred by the famous address. In form it was not happily

conceived: it was much too dogmatic and summary. Yet it was right in principle in the eyes of every unprejudiced man.

But whatever may be thought, it was the duty of the intellectuals to sustain the spirit of the mass of the people. I did this in the early months, and indeed during the whole time. In the first year of the war I gave, at various places, thirty-six lectures.<sup>1</sup> My business was to point out the significance of the German character, to indicate the dangers that existed, to check unbridled feelings and savage hate. In giving these lectures I had many experiences that I shall never forget. There was at first no party-distinction: it was a question of the self-preservation of the nation. I remember especially a lecture I gave in the great Town Hall at Nürnberg. I had to address several thousand people, and as there were crowds who could not gain admission, I had to address a second meeting that lasted until near midnight.

Then came news of great victories, first in Flanders, afterwards at Tannenberg. Our joy was, however, chastened by the news of the retreat at the Marne: a day of fate, a *dies ater*, for the German people. In principle the whole fortune of the

<sup>1</sup> Even at Pesth in 1915 I gave a lecture that evoked general enthusiasm. The first statesmen of the country took part in a banquet given in connection with it.

war was then decided, for, if we could not reach Paris quickly, we could not, as time went on, sustain the enormous pressure of our enemies. I thought often of something that an American statesman had said to me: "We Americans usually give a thing up when it does not go well, rather than improve it a little here and there, but the Germans try as far as possible to retrieve losses." The whole course of the war brought us into an anxious mental condition. We were torn between care and excitement and hope and expectation. It was a constant succession of good and bad news that was calculated to wear us out. Then there was the increasingly stringent blockade, which kept necessary food from us. There was, moreover, the continuous sacrifice of men and human happiness, and the worsening of our economic condition. Particularly injurious was the harm done to the middle class. It was in the middle class that the conflicting interests of the different strata of our population had been adjusted, and in Germany especially the prosperity of the middle class was a great national asset. Goethe said that there was "no more attractive picture than that of the German middle class." It is in a terrible condition to-day.

For a long time the German people met all these restrictions and losses with great spirit, courage, and patience, and uncomplainingly bore

the sacrifices and privations. For my own part I first experienced a certain sinking of heart in October, 1916. At that time I was often invited by the Berlin Urania to deliver public lectures on national questions. Until the date I have mentioned, my audience there had always been overflowing, and large numbers could not get admittance. In that October, however, the house was only half full. It was a clear indication that the national spirit was ebbing.

Ignoring the changes of mood, I continued to lecture throughout the war, though as time went on I had to alter my tone. No longer could one count upon a cheerful disposition; one had to create a fresh spirit, confirm the failing hearts, and insist that it was impossible to come to terms, without grave consequences, with our enemies.

At the same time I did all in my power to promote the interest of our people during the war by my pen. As soon as the war broke out I published *The Historical Significance of the German People*, and at Christmas 1915 the work *The Bearers of German Idealism*. The latter was very successful, and a good business arrangement put it rapidly in the hands of many of our soldiers. During the war 30,000 copies of it were sold. In 1917 I published *Main Needs of Modern Thought*, which rapidly passed through three editions,

Afterwards there were various field-editions of selections from my *Collected Essays*; and I wrote a long introduction to the publication *Neutral Voices* (1916), in which I explained the meaning of these declarations of neutrals and enlarged upon the neutral nations of the time.

But, while I contended for the rights of my country, I emphatically disapproved of any disdain or depreciation of the spiritual achievements of our enemies. During the war I treated consecutively in my philosophical exercises the significance of both French and English philosophy in their classical works. Not one of my pupils reminded me that politically we were in the midst of a terrible struggle with those nations.

Finally, it was during the war that I completed my chief systematic work, *Man and the World*, and I published new editions of other books of mine.

The outbreak of the war with America I must touch briefly. The conduct of America was a serious disillusion to me and many others. We were at first convinced that at least the university men fully understood our position. Haeckel and I joined in sending to the American Universities a letter in support of the German case. We soon heard, however, that, with few exceptions, the feeling was against us. The actual declaration



of war by America filled me from the first with grave anxiety. To me America was not a foreign land. I knew only too well the unlimited resources and the energy which the nation would throw into any task to which it set its hand, to have any doubt about the harm it would do to Germany. At first the danger did not seem to be very great, but it steadily increased.

Meantime the new development set in owing to the lamentable decision of the Reichstag on July 19, 1917. This decision was bound to depress the energy and spirit of our people. It was for Germany the second day of ill-luck, the second *dies ater*, after the calamity of the Marne. Yet in 1918 hope of a happy issue flamed up once more. Even our intellectual forces were now strained. I was myself invited east and west to lecture in those months. I had to choose between large numbers of invitations, and I decided for Brussels, to which many other German professors also were summoned. There I spoke almost every day in the splendid chamber of the Belgian Senate; and once, at the special request of the military authorities, I addressed the troops in garrison. I was very pleased with the soldiers. The non-commissioned officers received me very amiably, showed me their quarters, and tried in every way to be agreeable. It was remarkable, however, that amongst the officers

there was no suspicion whatever of any internal danger. I spoke repeatedly to officers about the opinions and frame of mind of our people, and each of them gave a reassuring answer. The soldiers were excellent, they said; the new weapons were superior to the old, and new means of defence were being prepared. They certainly regarded the situation seriously, but they were in good spirits. Our experience in Brussels was very pleasant. We professors formed a circle of friends that was knit together by our common purpose. There was also considerable use in the bringing together of Catholic and Protestant professors. The common need of the country held them all closely together.

With these impressions I returned in April, 1918, to Jena. Here I received the very grave news that Walt Jüger, who was to be our son-in-law, was dangerously wounded. We understood at first that the wound was not so serious, and we even hoped that he would come to Jena for his convalescence. His condition, however, became worse. He was injured in the knee, and the surgeons took a grave view of it. A few days later he passed to his eternal rest. He was the only child, the pride, of his parents, and they had bestowed all their care and means upon giving him a good artistic education. With all the excellence of his general studies, which he

had followed to the university, he was entirely devoted to music. He studied three years at Brussels, and won an important prize there for the piano; and he had shown some distinction in composition. My daughter also had been educated in music. For many years the relations between them had been mainly connected with music, but they came to love each other under the shadow of the war. They lived in the hope of marrying soon and having a home of their own. They had given a number of concerts together, for instance, at Bremen and Hanover. Our friends and the press there had been delighted with the artistic combination, one singing and the other accompanying. They told us that the union of souls had been expressed in the artistic co-operation in a very striking manner. Now the young man, who had been cheerful and brave through all the years of war, was dead; and all that we could do was to cherish his memory and bury his remains lovingly at Jena. It is but one case in myriads, but in that case the fate of two is reflected. Never has war bitten so deeply into personal relations or destroyed such rich promise of life.

It is repugnant to me to follow the further course of the war, and recall the lamentable collapse of the strength and the will of Germany. It was the saddest moment in German

history when a part of the nation proved disloyal to itself, and lost every feeling of shame or sentiment of honour. Let us pass over the dread events. They have thrown back the life of Germany for a long time.

## CHAPTER XI

### FINAL REFLECTIONS

IT is the task of the statesman to deal practically with events : the philosopher has to concern himself with the ultimate grounds of conviction. And in the first place he must make up his mind in regard to the ancient problem of a moral order in human events. That our external fortunes do not correspond to the internal life, that happiness and the meriting of happiness often lie wide apart, is no new experience ; but never before was it impressed upon the mind of man in so terrible a form as in the last few years. Not only did some dark power, some blind chance, seem to decide the fate of countless numbers ; it was even worse that these appalling conflicts showed no moral order at all. We beheld a mingling of the higher and the lower, the noble and the ignoble, the essential and the trivial, which made us shudder. However much man may try to adjust the proportions of fate and guilt in the circle of his experience, he finds himself unable to do it. It is, in our human affairs, not the victory of what

is good and true in itself, but of what influences men as they actually are : what issues into visible action : what treats good and evil as of equal value, and unscrupulously employs the worst means, such as cunning and deception. The main thing in this province is to succeed, to suppress all weakness of will and hesitation as to the end.

We must therefore plainly acknowledge that our world, as human history represents it to us, is not a realm of reason. It seems rather a mixture of reason and unreason, a child of reason and dark necessity, to use an expression of Plato's. Men have adopted very different attitudes in different ages in regard to this problem. Early Christianity had the idea of the powerlessness of the good in face of hostile forces within our experience. It had no hope of improvement in the course of time : no hope that some order inherent in things would yet convert the history of the world into a judgment of the world. To abandon this hope was only possible to men who had a firm belief in the reality of a higher world. Our modern age was of a different opinion : it regarded the world as a self-development of reason, and in this self-development it put all its faith and hope.

This throws us children of the present age into a frightful perplexity. We cannot with the old type of Christian let the world go its own way ;

we have to work with all our might for the uplifting of the world. Yet we have at the same time lost the old faith in man that animated earlier generations, especially in the eighteenth century. We find ourselves confronting an unavoidable dilemma : either mankind is aiming at an impossibility when it relies upon its own strength or we must recognise the rule of a superior power, a creative world-will ; only when sustained and uplifted by it can we, as soldiers of God, undertake the struggle against the darkness and evil in and around us. It is only from a fullness of spiritual life that we are illumined by the sight of reality. Our world, with all its grave limitations and confusions, cannot be the whole of reality. It must have a special sort of reality ; it must be connected with something beyond if it is to have any sort of meaning and the strength that it needs. But this means a revolution in the prevailing view of the world. We must recognise, on the one hand, that we belong, not to a perfect world, but to a world of struggle and labour ; and, on the other hand, we must share in a victorious spirituality as a stage of independent creativeness. This is, in fact, already accomplished. We see it, not only in the complexion of a personal life superior to and embracing the world, but in the opening of an independent spiritual world, nay a kingdom of God, which

incomparably transcends the political and social order as merely human things, and makes possible the inner success of the common life.

From this point of view we get a view of the world that powerfully illuminates our fate. Our reality is not on one plane only ; it contains three distinct stages of the spiritual life. This life is plainly lifted above the ordinary existence which is given in the experience of our senses. It is a world of deeds, a realm of activism. But this realm contains an inner movement and a thorough advance. First we have to attain a complete spirituality. This is a distinctive life differing from the relative world of nature ; and it is presupposed in all causation. Thus in face of the appalling confusion of our world there appears in us and around us a combative spirituality, the chief centre of man's activity, the laboratory of our work. But work alone will not bring us success. To the saying, " Work and despair not," we may make the objection that mere work without a higher purpose inevitably drives a thoughtful man to despair. It is only a victorious spirituality that opens out a prospect of, and promises the strength for, achievement : that provides human life with its indispensable support and firm purpose.

The movement that results from the co-operation and adjustment of these various stages pervades the history of the world ; and the individual



whose life is fully developed, who realises the entirety of his experience, must take part in it. The state of the world about us, with its incompleteness and its contradictions, with its indications of some order superior to all the confusion, cannot be the whole of reality or have the final consummation in itself. It must be a segment of a larger reality, a special sort of life, which needs deeper-lying reasons and connections to give it existence and meaning. But, however clearly we may find indications of the action of an independent reality, any attempt to describe it comes under the forms and limits of the world of work. Hence we have to be content with images and outlines in our life for the highest purposes. The heart, however, needs a heroism that forces its way through every No to a Yes, and sustains this against all resistance. Our life has then a meaning and value; even though it is rather an inner effort than an external victory, rather an awakening and concentration of strength than the complete realisation of our purpose; even though it has connections that we do not clearly understand. That was the idea of Luther when he said: "It has not yet been done, but is being done; it is not the end, but the way. All does not yet glow and shine, but it is being scoured." Such a situation impels us human beings to sacrifice all our strength for the good and the

true, to get rid of all obscurity, not to let things go as they please, but to oppose to them a realm of creative world-will with its eternity, its infinity, and its self-containedness. From that point of view all ideas of greatness and value are materially changed. In this world of thought and spirit doubts about the existence of a spiritual and moral order in our difficulties will not find us unprepared.

Human life as a whole bears predominantly the marks of struggle, but the struggle may have different degrees. There is no doubt that to-day it has reached an exceptional height and strain. As we have previously seen, the life of the world on its higher levels runs in great combinations or—as we called them—syntagmata. It is these connections which give it a spiritual character; without them it is split into fragments. Our western civilisation has three of these great vital connections: the ancient world with its predominance of form, the Christian-religious world with its deepening of souls, and the modern with its development of force. Thus form, sentiment, and strength are the chief features of the movement. Our present situation, however, flutters restlessly between these different conceptions of life. It feels strongly the need of a new life-connection which shall embrace all that is true in the earlier ideas and carry it to a greater height;

but at times it can find no clear way to the goal.

It is, in particular, the clash of two great problems which causes a feverish movement in the whole of the race and threatens to destroy our welfare. In the first place, modern life has for several centuries been without a solid centre and an adequate vital content. As a reaction upon the narrow and restricted medieval ideas there arose a powerful effort to develop all forces, and this development itself was made the chief aim. But, great as the accomplishment was in this direction, it lacked inner unity and was not fully self-contained. The mere striving after life cannot fill life. It points urgently beyond itself to a realm of contents. This situation has increasingly lost all internal connectedness, and we have become less and less able to oppose an invisible world to that of sense. Yet we cannot do without such a world, if life is not to lose its meaning and value. We are therefore to-day in a state of painful contradiction, which grows more and more intolerable, and shakes the very foundations of human society. All that we had hitherto regarded and treasured as firm supports had begun to totter. Much that we thought self-evident now seems to us a difficult, if not insoluble, problem. In particular we have the unpleasant experience of seeing life grow weaker on one side and more brutal on the other.

Our most urgent problem is, therefore, how to bring about a moral and spiritual strengthening, if not a revolution. We need a radical renewal of the spiritual life.

It is a latent problem running through several centuries, but it has now become acute owing to the stormy emergence and pressure of the social question. The new situation began when man obtained control of the forces of nature. At first that was rightly considered a great and indisputable gain. But immense complications were discovered in the gain. The nature of labour was entirely changed. A man lost his personal relation to his work. Labour emancipated itself from the man, and developed into immense complexes, and these increasingly produced forces and laws of their own. Thus there arose a sharp conflict between work and soul, object and subject. The subject was determined not to be a mere means and implement of toil.

This development brought about acute struggles, the effect of which we still feel. Unquestionably it led to a permanent change and improvement in many features of man's condition. We must, for instance, regard it as a gain to the race that we now have an independent body of workers, and we are further advanced in the difficult problem of the stratification of human society. For thousands of years men were divided into

two chief strata : the one was to lead, the other follow—one to command, the other to serve. There were various shades of this arrangement in different places, but in essence it was the same. Now the problem is in suspension. The demand of complete equality rises higher and higher, and all inequality is denounced as injustice by great masses of men, who demand a social order without distinction of classes as an unqualified right. This, however, conflicts with the fact that, not only has nature made men different, but even civilisation needs clear distinctions for its development, and requires the distribution of the collective life into a higher and a lower stratum. Such a distribution is wrong only when it serves the interest of special classes, not of the whole. The distinction is necessary because the chief care of the spiritual self-preservation of humanity must fall to a limited number of individuals. This group cannot exist and do its work properly without mutual understanding and a firm maintenance of its influence on individuals : without the formation of a tradition that embraces and continues the work of humanity, or without being freed from the urgent necessities of physical life. It demands also highly cultivated methods of thought, not merely individual achievements. We cannot possibly set aside all this in order to have the illusory form of a class-less society, which

would soon prove a society without culture or spirituality. At the same time there has developed a view which traces all prosperity to economic success, denies the very existence of independent spirituality, and seeks all creativeness in ordinary human nature. From this we get a sharp conflict between man and spirit, a sort of apotheosis of humanity, in virtue of which man may go ahead for a time in his own way, but it really involves inner destruction.

Not without tragedy is the development in this sense upon which modern times, and especially our own times, have entered. Modern humanity—or at least a large part of it—would ~~abandon~~ all inner connections and rely entirely upon its own strength. It believes that it is capable of meeting any tasks by a closer concentration of its elements; that in its ceaseless striving it could raise up a tower as high as heaven. This attitude, with its severance of all inner connections, must end in destroying the conditions of real greatness. It will, moreover, cause a division of human nature and cast it into such confusion that at length it will need the power of a dictator to restore order. Those dangers lie before our eyes to-day. We have to decide whether the forces at work in humanity to-day are strong enough to avert this peril, and incorporate the undeniable element of truth in the Socialist movement into

the whole of life ; or whether our civilisation is to dissolve. It is even possible that men had to learn first by the consequences of a stark denial of an independent inner life how indispensable this is, and thus be impelled to restore to our common life that element of truth which it so painfully lacks to-day.

A heavy task thus confronts us. There will be no issue from our present confusion until we succeed in bringing together once more the two great problems of our time. We have to combine the problem of spirit and the problem of man and help them to a fruitful co-operation. The problem of spirit must come first, but man has his rights ; and our fate will be decided according as we do or do not find the means of this adjustment. For that we need, not only original and even great men, but illuminating and elevating spiritual forces ; and both need the assistance of the superior vital power which conditions and shapes our life and work.

Most of all is it the German people, with their rich cultural heritage, but their actual political and economic distress, who suffer from this situation. No one can fail to see considerable weaknesses of the German character. We Germans are men of intelligence rather than of will. We rely too much upon our soaring intelligence, and it is only with difficulty, and in dire necessity,

that we form a common will. We have, moreover, no firm national and political instinct such as many other peoples have. But let us not underestimate what is great in us and in our history ! Nowhere else is there so much originality in spiritual production, so much power to penetrate to the very heart of reality, so much work issuing from the entirety and the depths of life. Our achievements in science, art, and industry may be compared with those of any other nation ; and even in the dreary years of the war the German people evinced a splendid force and spirit. Such a nation is not dying. It may be ill, but we have every right to believe that it will recover. Its power of enlarging and deepening life is indispensable to humanity.

But let me, in my final pages, take up again the thread of my narrative. In the course of the year 1918 I was invited to deliver the speech at the commemoration of the centenary of the birth of the Grand Duke Carl Alexander. I accepted gladly, as I had greatly esteemed the Grand Duke. He had shown a profound regard for art and science, and had lent his best powers to the performance of his duty. He well remembered Goethe, whom he had known and of whose works he read a page daily. Piety was the chief feature of his character. Unfortunately, an attack of inflammation of the lungs made it impossible for me to



deliver the speech, though I published a sketch of the Prince in *Westermann's Monatsheften*. My illness was more dangerous than I thought, and I should hardly have recovered but for the devotion of my family. It took me a long time to get back my strength, and my work advanced very slowly. But a stay in the Schwarzwald greatly refreshed me and enabled me to work once more.

Meantime there had occurred the great revolution of which I have spoken. I felt very clearly that I must now do everything in my power for the menaced life of Germany. Immediately after the catastrophe, therefore, in 1918, I published a pamphlet with the title, *What is Now Our Support?* and it ran through several editions. Soon afterwards I wrote another pamphlet, *German Freedom*, in which I tried to explain the German idea of freedom as distinct from that of other nations. I had at the same time to revise new editions of other books. It is clear that even in these days many turn to philosophy and trust to find support in it. I then wrote a small book, *Socialism: an Analysis*, which was published in 1920 by Reclam. My interest in social questions was of very early date, but now Socialism seemed to bring the whole of life within its sphere, and it was the place of the philosopher to ask what consequences this would have on life.

Amongst the many pressing questions which

now arose I had to consider seriously whether it was not my duty to retire from teaching and devote myself entirely to my philosophical and national work. There was no extrinsic reason to do so. My lectures, so far from being less attended, had had in the last terms their highest number of hearers I have ever had. Hence I found it difficult to decide. Not only was there the question of material sacrifices, but I had always greatly esteemed my lecturing, both because it kept me in touch with growing youth and on account of my relations with my colleagues, and had myself profited greatly by such work. But the literary task and the need to devote all my strength to the healing of our stricken national life left me no alternative. I decided to retire, and in April, 1920, I did so. I trust still to help my old university, indirectly if not directly.

Jena University, to which I belonged for forty-six years, is ever in my most grateful recollections. It was a happy fortune that took me there, and kept me there. The chief element of the atmosphere and the temper of Jena is complete spiritual freedom. That may seem a negative quality, but it has also the positive gain that every man can develop in his own way, that no one restricts the growth of another, and that pronounced and active personality is esteemed by all. Then there was the great tradition of the place, which held

up a standard to all of us, and, lastly—if not particularly—the charming country round that makes its impress upon every man who lives there.

I cannot but express my hope and wish that our universities will soon happily escape the dangers which at present threaten them. Two dangers are unmistakable. One is the danger that the university may divide itself too much into separate faculties, and this would mean that our people would not sufficiently get from the universities the intellectual leaders who are indispensable to them. The other is that the effort to bring as many as possible into the life of the university may destroy its character as a place of research.<sup>1</sup> The more devotedly the universities work at the production of spiritual force and the concentration

<sup>1</sup> As I said in my *Main Currents* (6th ed., p. 304): "Whenever a civilisation seeks the utmost possible degree of equality, the ideal assuredly is to raise the common level, to lift as many as possible, if not all, to the heights, without lowering the heights in the least. But the nature of things is stronger than man's ideals in these matters. Unwittingly the condition of the receiving mind is taken as the measure of the spiritual movement, and the level of the whole inevitably sinks; nor can work be predominantly occupied with the effect upon others without deteriorating. . . . Breadth always means less depth, unless there is some new force to counteract the tendency. That is the great problem, the great danger, of modern times: that the content of life may be weakened in this eagerness for all to share it, that human nature as a whole may sink in this concern about the individual."

of life, the more they will be able to overcome our difficulties.

The year has shown me that retirement does not mean rest. In April I accepted a pressing invitation from the Norwegian Union of Christian Students. They had twice invited me during the war, but I was not able to visit them until the war was over. My chief theme was at first the philosophy of religion and its acute problems; but the circle of our subjects extended, and I had a good opportunity, especially in an hour's talk which I instituted, to discuss questions of the hour with a fine body of men. It was the same at the Drontheim Technical School, where religious questions were little discussed, and the general questions of life were foremost. My general aim was to bring questions of philosophy into close touch with questions of the hour. My daughter and I were most amiably received everywhere. Even the German Club at Copenhagen ventured to get up a festive evening in our honour, in which more than three hundred people of the best society (mostly ladies) took part.

The year 1920 also brought me very welcome relations with China. At the beginning of the year I received a visit from the Chinese Minister of Finance, Liang Chi Chao, who had taken part in the Peace Conference at Versailles, and had come from there to Jena to see me with two Chinese

professors. This eminent and highly cultivated statesman felt that it was important that he should be closely acquainted with my philosophic idealism and activism. For this purpose we arranged a Chinese translation of my chief works, beginning with *Main Currents*, and a very able and sympathetic professor from Peking spent four months of the summer with us at Jena in order to thoroughly understand my ideas and German idealism generally. He was to do the translation after his return to China. It is not a question of religion in these matters, but of my chief idea of an activist idealism.

—Recently I have received a very cordial invitation from the University of Helsingfors in Finland to go and give a number of lectures there: I trust to do so next spring. I have a high regard for the Finns as a nation that has done its duty courageously and loyally in very difficult circumstances, and has devoted itself with energy and success to all the tasks of modern civilisation. At the same time I cannot but be pleased with the close relations of the Finns to the German spirit and language.

In the summer of 1920 also I took part in the negotiations for bringing a large number of Swedish teachers for scientific courses at Jena. About four hundred of them came, and we had a very pleasant experience of each other. It seems to me a very important thing to have a spiritual

link of Germany with the Germanic north. It strengthens the ideals on both sides, and is useful to the whole of civilisation.

The need of a greater spiritual unity of human life, and the efforts to give moral strength to German life in particular, have led to the establishment\* of an Eucken Association. Its first annual congress was held at Jena on October 6, 1920, and was attended by members from all parts of Germany and every social class. It unanimously agreed to adopt for the Association the kind of organisation that I have sketched in my work *Our Claim on Life* (1920).

Nearing the close of my life, as I am, I must not omit to recall the many friends and pupils who have parted from me. The course of my life has brought me into touch, beyond my academic world, with many authors and artists, and I have always regarded as a great gain the information and friendship I received from these. I was, for instance, united in a mutual appreciation with Hilty, who sent me a token of his esteem just before he died. I had the lasting friendship of Ernst von Wildenbruch, whose fine mind I highly appreciated. I found in Hodler, whose picture of a scene in the War of Freedom was secured by Jena University at the suggestion of my wife, a powerful and thoughtful artist. I was an intimate friend of Max Reger, who

cherished so many beautiful plans, and died so young. Amongst my earlier colleagues I greatly missed Liebmann, whose solid and fine character I much appreciated. More recently I have lost a devoted friend, a man of real goodness of heart and loyalty, in Falckenberg. Above all must I recall the former pupils of mine who laid down their lives for their country. I think with deep sorrow of the splendid forces which were extinguished before me.

In such a retrospect one feels that one is growing old; but age need not lessen the cordiality and the loyalty of remembrance.

And if, at the close of my way, I cast my eyes back over the work of my life, I must gratefully acknowledge that I was impelled by no casual and fluctuating circumstances, but that my life had an inner continuity. The essential direction was imposed upon my efforts. I also experienced the truth of the words, "What have we that we have not received?" My work was divided into three main sections. First I had to develop whatever forces there were in me; then to work out scientifically the direction of my efforts; in fine to act upon my environment. I must acknowledge the kindness of fate in the fact that these three sections were so successfully accomplished.

The special nature of my work, my ceaseless struggle for the strengthening of the inner life and

for an independent spiritual world, involved me in many a conflict with already existing conditions. It is by no mere chance that my works so often have controversial titles. But I felt joy in the struggle, and I believe it has helped me. It was for me a piece of good fortune that my work first found warm sympathy and recognition outside Germany. Without the aid of Sweden, England, America, and Eastern Asia I should scarcely have succeeded. It was all the more welcome that the war and its experiences at length brought me into full unison with my own people.

Until the war occurred I looked forward to a quiet close of my activity. All know how the life, not only of Germany, but of the whole world, has meantime changed. There has been a terrible revolution, and it has brought all man's problems to an acute stage. From a sense of possession we have passed to a laborious and feverish search. At every step new duties spring upon us. We thought that we had received a rich heritage of culture, and now our whole tradition is shattered, and the very foundations of our life are disturbed. We hoped for an inner concentration of humanity, as civilisation and religion demanded, and the whole race is split into sharp antagonisms. We looked forward to an advance of the race, particularly a moral advance, and we have now to admit that untruth and injustice dominate our



generation, and that there is little room for real goodness. We are, at the same time, wholly uncertain about man's place in reality and the meaning of existence. We know not what we are, or whither we tend.

A crisis of this kind is bound to lead either to the destruction or the advance of the race. The man who, in spite of all the confusion and distress of the times, believes in the possibility, the necessity, of advancing, must plead for a thorough revolution, for the emergence of a world of action, for a spiritual reformation; and for this he must shake off all indifference and lukewarmness, and reject every comfortable middle path as wrong. Old or young, it makes no difference in this terrible crisis. We older men must know no rest. We must remember the saying: "Work while it is day."

So even I, in spite of advancing age, must and will work devotedly at the task of remoulding human life. That I still have the necessary freshness and strength I owe in the first place to the happy circumstances of my personal lot. I must esteem it a great favour that through my relations with my mother I received a deepening of soul that lacked not the consecration of pain, and that then through my own family and in my own house I had a beautiful, rich, spiritual life. Most fortunate of all was the reciprocal spiritual aid on the

basis of a common conviction. My wife's activity has been mainly artistic, and in her world she works untiringly and effectively for high ideals. Our little circle further embraces the chief branches of intellectual work in the fact that one of our sons is a physicist, the other a political economist, and our daughter is a vocalist of the Sach school. Our house is thus a microcosm of intellectual life such as one rarely finds. A common life of that kind engenders strength and joy; and for my own part I can confidently answer to Goethe's question, what remains for the ageing: "I have enough—I have thought and love."

# WORKS OF EUCKEN TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

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(New York), 1880.

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*The Life of the Spirit*, 1909.

*Christianity and the New Idealism* (New York), 1909.

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# INDEX

- Althusius, J., 28  
 America, visit to, 160-71  
 Apolda, 91  
 Arenburg, 11  
 Aristotle, study of, 60, 69, 70, 86, 109  
 Ascension Feast, the, 27  
 Aurich, 17-20, 26-7  
 Austria and Prussia, 65-6  
  
 Basle, life at, 102-113  
 Baumann, Professor, 93  
*Beasers of German Idealism*, 183  
 Belgium, lectures in, 185  
 Bergson, Professor, 164  
 Berlin, life in, 76-83, 87-93  
 Birth of Eucken, 19  
 Bismarck, 73, 74, 75, 118  
 Blasen, 63  
 Boeckh, Professor, 80  
 Bohtz, Professor, 62  
 Boldt, Professor, 153  
 Bonitz, Professor, 70, 88  
 Borkum, 31  
 Boston, lectures at, 163  
 Boutroux, Professor, 175  
 Brother, death of, 24  
 Bryce, Lord, 162  
 Bulgaria, relations with, 175  
 Burekhardt, Jacob, 22, 102  
 Bureaucracy in Germany, 45, 74, 95, 124  
 Butler, President, 164  
  
*Call to Spiritual Co-operation*, 173  
*Can We Still Be Christians?* 156  
 Canada, invitation to, 167  
 Carl Alexander, Grand Duke, 123, 200  
  
 Carnegie, A., 167  
 Castren, Professor, 153  
 Catholics, relations with, 96, 149  
*Chief Problems of the Modern Philosophy of Religion*, 152  
 China, relations with, 173, 204  
 Christianity, attitude toward, 47, 148, 156, 190  
 Church Fathers, study of the, 111  
 Cicero, study of, 50  
 Coleridge, 129  
*Collected Essays*, 151  
 Columbia University, lectures at, 163-4, 167, 172  
 Comte, 143  
 Conring, Hermann, 16  
*Contributions to the History of Modern Philosophy*, 143  
 Copenhagen, lectures at, 204  
 Corps, students', 63  
 Creizenach, Professor, 95  
 Curtius, Professor, 58  
  
 Danish War, the, 66-8  
 Day of Princes, the, 65  
 Deem Lectures, the, 67  
 Dörner, 80  
 Dualism of Eucken's views, 128  
 Dutch, the, in Friesland, 12, 13  
  
 Education in Germany, 39-76  
 Edzard the Great, 12  
 Eggelingen, 21  
 Emden, 28, 55  
 English character, the, 158  
 Esens, 28, 29  
 Essex Hall, lectures at, 159  
 Eucken Association, the, 167, 206  
 Eucken Club, the, 167

Eucken, Frau, 138  
Exchange Professorship, the, 161

Fabricius, D., 17  
Fabricius, J., 17  
Falckenburg, Professor, 207  
Fate, primitive belief in, 34  
Father of Eucken, 19, 25  
Feuerbach, 29, 31, 111  
Fichte, 135  
*Figures and Similes*, 142  
Finland, relations with, 153, 205  
Finsler, A., 113  
Fischer, Kuno, 56, 91, 105  
Fortlage, Professor, 121  
Franco-German War, the, 97-9  
Frankfort, 65-6, 93-7  
Frederic, the Emperor, 144  
Frederic the Great, 13, 29  
Frederic William III, 13  
Freiburg, invitation to, 146  
Friedrichs Gynnasium, the, 90  
Friesland, East, 11-17  
Frisia, the, 64  
Frisian—  
    language, the, 14  
    law, 15  
Funck, 42  
*Fundamental Ideas of the Present Day*, 128

Geest, the, 11  
Gelzer, Councillor, 103  
German character, the, 157  
*German Freedom*, 201  
Germans in America, the, 164, 169  
Gidionsen, 85  
Giessen, degree from, 152  
Gildemeister, Otto, 138  
Gittermann, Carl, 29-30, 90  
Gittermann, R. C., 20  
Gladstone on Bismarck, 75  
Goethe, 17, 40, 70, 118  
Goethe Oration, the, 150  
Göttingen, life at, 53-76  
Gregory of Nyssa, 112  
Gymnasium, life at the, 39-49

Haeckel, Professor, 119, 126, 184  
Hanover, the King of, 70-1  
Harnack, Professor, 159

Hartmann, 63  
Hartz Mountains, the, 65  
Harvard, lectures at, 162  
Hase, Professor, 120  
Haupt, 79  
Hegel, 43, 79, 118, 128, 135  
Herbart, 77  
Hertling, Baron von, 78  
Heyder, Professor, 132  
High German, 40  
Hildebrand, Professor, 120  
*Historical Significance of the German People*, 183  
Hodler, 171  
Hoffmann, Professor, 80, 81, 132  
Holland, lectures in, 154, 174  
Holstein, 66  
Hügel, Baron von, 149  
Husum, teaching at, 84-7

Idealists, the older, 125  
Ihering, R., 15, 16, 44  
Infallibility, 96  
Infancy, accident in, 23  
Intellectualism, defects of, 141  
*Introduction to a Philosophy of the Spiritual Life*, 152  
*Introduction to Philosophy*, 152  
Islands, life on the, 31-3

Janssen, Professor, 95-6  
Japan, invitation to, 176-7  
Jena—  
    first visit to, 91  
    life at, 117-30  
Jeverland, 19  
Jüger, Walt, 186  
Junkerism, 49

Kaiser, the, 144  
Kant, 62, 78, 135, 142  
Kepler, 143  
Kirchhoff, 80  
Knaack, Pastor, 90  
*Knowledge and Life*, 157  
Krause, 43, 80  
Kulturkampf, the, 75

Lange, Dr., 24  
Lange, F. A., 63, 110  
Langeoog, 31

Lassalle, 49  
 Lehrs, 110  
 Leutsch, Professor von, 58  
 Lex Frisionum, the, 15  
 Liang Chi Chao, 204  
 Liebmann, Professor, 207  
 Lipsius, Professor, 120  
 Literary Museum, the, 63  
 London, lectures in, 159, 175  
 London Press Club, the, 175  
 Lotze, 59  
 Low German, 14, 40  
 Lowell Lecture, the, 167  
 Lowell, President, 162  
 Lübeck, 87  
 Lucae, 97

*Main Needs of Modern Thought*,  
 183

Majorescu, 28  
*Man and the World*, 157, 184  
 Mathematics, gift for, 46, 68  
*Meaning and Value of Life*, 152  
 Measles, attack of, 51  
 Miescher, Professor, 108  
 Möhring, 42  
 Mommsen, Rector, 92-94  
 Mommsen, Theodor, 79  
 Monism, 126, 128  
 Moore, Professor E., 163  
 Mother of Eucken, 20-2, 36, 107-8  
 Münsterberg, Professor, 163

Napoleon, 13, 118  
 Natorp, Professor, 142  
 Naturalism, 141  
 Neo-Kantianism, 63  
 Neumann, Julius, 112  
*Neutral Voices*, 184  
 New York, lectures in, 163  
 Niagara, 163  
 Niemann, 66  
 Nietzsche, 103, 124, 125, 145,  
 174  
 Nobel Prize, the, 154  
 Norström, Professor, 148, 155  
 Norway, lectures in, 214

Olaus Petri Lectures, the, 155  
 Old Hanoverians, 72  
 Oldenburg, 11

Oscar, King, 149, 156  
*Our Claim on Life*, 206  
*Outlines of a New Philosophy*, 151

Passow, Irene, 138  
 Pfeiderer, Professor, 120  
 Phelps, Professor S., 129  
 Philology, early interest in, 68  
 Philosophy—

early interest in, 47, 68  
 of religion, 133-41, 190-9

Plato, 110  
 Porter, President, 78, 129  
 Positivism, 125, 126, 136, 143  
*Problems of Human Life*, 142  
*Prolegomena*, 139

Rabbi, prophecy of a, 26  
 Rationalism in Friesland, 20, 29, 43  
 Realism, 144  
 Reger, Max, 206  
 Rehna, Count, 148  
 Reil, 17  
 Religion in Friesland, 12, 16, 20  
 Religious views of Eucken, 47,  
 133-40, 148, 190-9  
 Retzius, Professor, 155  
 Reuter, W., 42-4  
 Rice, Dr. J. M., 160  
 Riemer, 17  
 Rinteln University, 21  
 Ritschl, 103  
 Rohrbach, Dr., 76  
 Roosevelt, 167  
 Rosdorf, Pastor, 64  
 Rothert, 42  
 Rudorff, 80  
 Ruprecht, 42

Sauppe, Professor, 56, 66  
 Schleiden, Professor, 97, 122  
 Schleswig, 66  
 Schröder, Dr., 37  
 Seebeck, Moritz, 113-4  
 Sengler, Professor, 132  
 Sigwart, Professor, 152  
*Sketch of the History of Philosophical  
 Terminology*, 130  
 Smith College Lectures, 167  
*Socialism: An Analysis*, 201  
 Socialism, interest in, 111

Söderblom, Archbishop, 155  
 Sofien Gymnasium, the, 81  
 Stäbelin, Professor, 112  
 Steffensen, Professor, 112  
 Stichel, Professor, 118  
 Storm, Theodor, 85  
 Stoy, Professor, 121  
 Strauss, David, 62  
 Strausborg, 90  
*Struggle for a Spiritual Content of Life*, 146  
 Students in Germany, 63-4  
 Subjectivism, 144  
 Swedish Academy of Sciences, the, 155  
 Teachers, lessons to, 150-1  
 Teichmüller, Professor, 58, 60-1, 77, 100  
 Test, Rev. W., 160  
 Thuringia, 65, 91  
 Trendelburg, Professor, 61-2, 77-8, 82, 104  
 Trine, R. W., 170  
 Trippstein, 92  
*Truth of Religion*, 148  
 Tübingen, invitation to, 152

Ulrich, 138  
 Ulrich School, the, 39  
 Unitarians, the, 159, 175  
*Unity of the Spiritual Life*, 139, 140  
*Views of Great Thinkers*, 112  
 Vischer, Professor, 100, 102-3  
 Volkmar, 42  
 Voluntary examinations, 41  
 Voss, Professor, 37  
 Waitz, Professor, 58  
 War, the, 178-88  
 Weimar, 122  
*What is Now Our Support?* 201  
 Wiese, Councillor, 82, 89  
 Wildauer, Professor, 132  
 Wildenbruch, E. von, 156, 206  
 William II, 144  
 Wittmund, 21  
 Women in America, 168  
 Zeller, Professor, 143  
 Zingel, the, 26  
 Zirksana, Count, 12  
 Zschokke, 35



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